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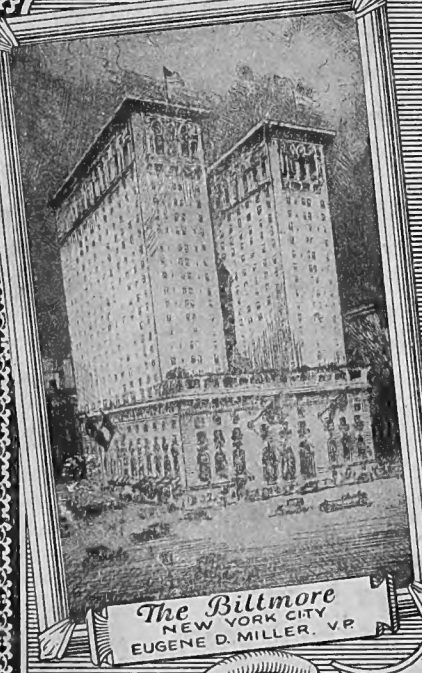

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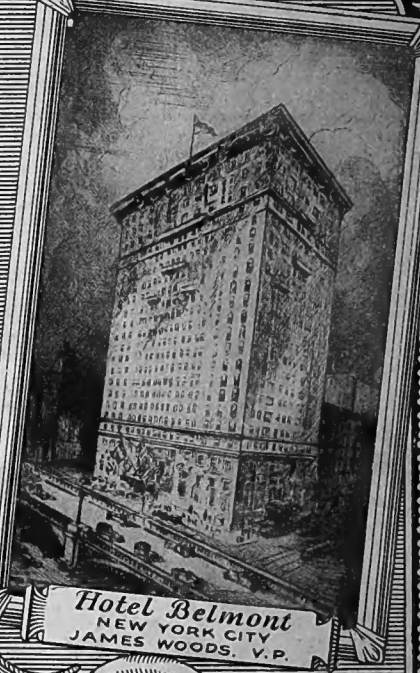

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Published Monthly by Police Publishing Co., 487 Broadway, New York

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He Who Fights Alone!

By Richard E. Enright

THE cop is the world's greatest warrior. He is the valiant fighter supreme.

The reason? It is simple. He fights alone!

This soldier of peace is a hero real or potential, as brave and valiant as any soldier who makes his sacrifice upon the field of battle.

The soldier of war fights as a part of great units; he fights under the eye of his commander; he fights an enemy whose position and potential powers are known. When the crisis arrives, he goes forward with comrades at his side to the accompaniment of the wild, grand music of war as in his patriotic fervor he embraces the opportunity to fight and, if necessary, to die for his flag and his country.

But the soldier of peace fights alone; often he does not know his enemy, his position or his power. He fights his battles alone in the waters of the harbor, in the cellarways, the alleyways, on the roofs, and in the dark and noisome places of the city.

For the cop there is no comforting feeling of fellow fighters at his side, no joint action with others—a thing that gives mental, spiritual and physical support. He is mentally, spiritually and physically alone. The cop faces surprise, ambush, with no knowledge of the powers ranged against him.

He fights the unknown—alone!

And the cop does not fight under the eye of his commander—of many commanders. Not for him is the immeasurable aid of the cheering voice, the overseeing eye, the chieftain's presence. The cop must be his own commander, must cheer himself on, furnish his own grit and backbone. He fights alone—at once the chieftain and the follower, the planner and the doer.

And mark you this! For the cop there is no retreat, no surrender, no armistice!

He can't quit—he must go on. No retirement to other positions is possible for him. No readjustment of forces is within his scope. He fights alone and must fight without hope or quarter or of mercy. He cannot save his life by a cry of "Kamerad."

For him there is but one issue! The cop must conquer or fall. Mind you he cannot surrender. It is his life or his antagonist's.

He fights alone!

Macaulay in his "Lays of Ancient Rome" honored brave Horatius who held the bridge. Such a post is the cop's. Oh, that we had a mighty poet to chronicle the deeds of such as he.

Holding the bridge for your life and mine against a myriad of foes, he is that greatest of warriors, an American cop.

He fights alone!

IN the portals of Police Headquarters in New York, in letters of imperishable bronze, are enshrined the names of scores of policemen who have made the supreme sacrifice in the defense of law and order in the streets of this great city, and they are but the heroic representatives of 13,000 of their comrades who stand ready to emulate their example.

The story of the New York Police Force and its heroic men, living or dead, is the story of the policeman in every city and town within the confines of the American Republic, and it is the story, too, of the policeman wherever he may be found the world over.

We have but one sentiment for the policeman, living or dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

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Philadelphia Wars on Crooks

General Smedley D. Butler of the Marines, Experiments With a Military Drive on Criminals

PHILADELPHIA, city of peace, resounds with the sounds of war. Fusillades of rifle shots and roaring of racing motors are to be heard as the city's police practice the summary methods of the military for use against criminals. Many crooks are motorized and armed, so the Quaker City bluecoats are now even better motorized and better armed, having speedier cars and more deadly weapons.

"Taking the offensive against the crooks" is the aim of all this battle practice.

Today the Philadelphia police are being led in a drive against criminals by a militant commander. This employment of war weapons and methods is only one of the features of the outstanding police experiment of the day in America—that in which General Smedley D. Butler of the U. S. Marines is applying to the work of city police the bulldog tradition of his military service.

The tradition of the Marines is to hit first and hit hard. They have carried it out in many parts of the globe—as their emblem indicates—and all the world knows how they did it at Belleau Wood. In Samar in the Philippines and in Hayti also they did hard-hitting and brought semi-civilized peoples to a state of subjection. Now their methods are being applied to the criminal section of an American community with the same ruthless intent. The orders are to shoot to kill when a resisting or fleeing criminal is the target.

While older police chiefs look on a bit doubtful that all the noise and pother will bag many criminals General Butler confidently asserts his methods are winning out.

General Butler, known to his service associates as "Duckboard" Butler, was until recently known to Philadelphians only through the fact that he had commanded squads of raiding military police that had caused the Philadelphia bluecoats some difficulty during the war. After the new Mayor Kendrick, bent on cleaning up the city, drafted Butler from Quantico Barracks on January 7, the Marine officer reintroduced himself to Quaker City folk with a bang. It was soon found that this was characteristic. His first capture was of the first pages of the newspapers, which he still holds in a firm, unrelenting grip.

One of his first acts was to order 48-hour drives against crime—instructing his lieutenants to arrest all known lawbreakers and disorderly characters and to fill the cells with them. Eight hundred persons were arrested in one day in the third of these raids. He kept this up until the plan wore out its usefulness. Then he turned to dependance on the lieutenants commanding the precincts, telling them that they must either clean their districts or hunt other jobs. Meantime, however, the hold-up industry languished in Philadelphia, and the police were last month able to chalk up the most peaceful two weeks in recent history.

Another striking feature of his activities was the direct outcome of these early drives and came a few days ago in the decision to transfer almost 2,500 of the 4,500 men on the Philadelphia force to new precincts in order to sever any connections they might have with the politicians or the lawless elements on their old beats. This is probably the record shake-up for any police department anywhere. Also one that old policemen doubt the advantage of.

Superintendent Mills and Director of Safety Butler of the Philadelphia Police

Many business men went to General Butler to ask retention of certain officers on certain beats, but he insisted he would make the shift this week.

As a preliminary move he ousted two inspectors, at the same time promoting three lieutenants to inspectorships with the caution that they were on probation for ninety days. He also transferred about one-third of the traffic squad. He promises to repeat the transfer of half the force every thirty days—thus putting the police on a very military footing. Just where Philadelphia's officers will live in order to be near all the precincts in town has not been announced.

Simultaneously he announced that about twenty of the forty-two lieutenants had paid more attention to politicians than they had to him and that he would discipline the whole twenty, demoting, discharging, retiring, or transferring them.

Between the general shake-up and the changes in commanders it is believed the department will be of vastly changed complexion before many days.

Still another feature of the new regime in Philadelphia that veteran policemen regard as weird is the reversal of a practice so time-honored that it has become practically a tradition in American cities. Throughout the country it is the almost uniform practice to keep re-

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ports of criminal depredations quiet in order to avoid alarming the public.

General Butler for a time changed all that, almost to the point of advertising hold-ups and burglaries with colored lights and special alarms. Utilizing the system of light beams employed by newspapers to flash results on election nights, General Butler started flashing 2,000,000 candle power lights from the tower of City Hall, which is at the cross-roads of Philadelphia's two principal streets.

Every time criminals were reported escaping after a crime in any section of Philadelphia lights were flashed in that direction with the expectation that police all about that district would at once report to patrol boxes and that the motorized forces of the department would also make for the centre of trouble. It was found, however, that even with the aid of a printing telegraph machine by means of which alarms were simultaneously sounded in every precinct in the city that the specially summoned police arrived too late at the scenes of the hold-ups and burglaries. The giant lights were not quick enough.

Operating in conjunction with this alarm system General Butler in effect threw a military cordon around the city by stationing armored police cars with special high-speed gears at the principal highway entrances to Philadelphia. These have bullet-proof windshields, loopholed for rifles The purpose was to bottle up the crooks who were in Philadelphia so that they could be exterminated and to prevent any outside crooks from getting in. The result was to give the effect of a captured city and to cause many tremors among the populace.

These guarding policemen were expected to give chase to suspicious appearing cars as promptly as possible, but still it was found that the perfect result General Butler was seeking eluded him. This outcome was exactly what had been predicted by old police heads who had smiled at the application to city conditions of the methods of border warfare.

Whether these manifestations of army-like activity caused any alarm among the citizenry or no, General Butler decided to use the armed cars even more freely and devised a new method for doing it.

To carry out this idea another novelty to Philadelphia is being experimented with. That is the use of radio from a central broadcasting station like that in the tower of New York Police Headquarters. Experiments are being conducted with special radio receiving sets to be installed in motor cars and on motorcycles to the end that the migratory motorized forces can be reached at an instant's notice in any part of town. Literally the bolts of Jove are being called down on the heads of Philadelphia's malefactors.

Such is a rough outline of the offensive against the thugs and cracksmen of the Quaker City. The other great phase of the experiment being made with General Butler is that affecting the lesser lawless elements. Many who are to be counted in this class besides many keepers of "cider-saloons" as they call them in William Penn's town —and many caterers to the dissolute have long been influential in politics in this city of the Quaker tradition.

These persons and their associates, ward heelers and minor politicians deny that any permanent change has come in Philadelphia. They assert that Butler and all his works will pass like a bad dream and leave them in peace. These men still count on returning to the easy-going days of old. Days when one could get out the vote by a treat at a handy place.

Mayor Kendrick, who initiated the Butler experiment, insists that both of them will stick until the last gun is fired. He has the support of the newspapers and of many civic organizations so far.

There has been a decided change in Philadelphia in three months aside from the rushing about of armored motor cars. There is little doubt that today Philadelphia is a cleaner, drier and better policed city, even if a more nervous one. There has come a stiffening of its morale, a noticeable decrease in the freedom with which hard liquor and beer are sold, a sharper enforcement of the law and a better disciplined police force.

There are certain outward signs of these things. One of these is that there are many saloons for rent that were formerly fairly busy. Now the dissolute element of the city, whether white or black, does not flaunt itself on the streets as in former days, and a stranger who asks for beer is eyed askance in restaurant and bar.

Furthermore, Philadelphia is no longer to be classed by jesters among the slow or sleepy towns. The Quaker City is keenly awake and alive—even nervous one might say. Butler is keeping it awake and slightly amused. He makes a new attack somewhere every day or two, but nearly all his spectacular activities have to do with the police. The Fire, Building and Boiler Inspection Departments that he also rules seem to draw little attention.

Here is a statement in General Butler's own words that tells better than anything else can the results of the new director's first three months in office. In announcing his big shake-up he is quoted as having said:

"Some of the men closest to me have double-crossed me."

"Of course I don't mean the Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent or other police officials in the higher places, but the men I have tried to transform into trustworthy, capable, efficient Lieutenants.

"That means that they have got to suffer for it. The future of the department depends upon the rapidity with which I get rid of the men who have heard the blatant bombast of small-fry politicians when they should have been listening to my pleading and coaxing for them to jump into the thing squarely and honestly and play the game as I wanted it played.

"Of the forty-two Lieutenants, about half have reacted splendidly and have done everything to clean up their districts. The remainder have laid down on the job. They are the boys I'm going to get."

Following this pronunciamento, General Butler, with Mayor Kendrick's backing, announced a plan for divorcing the police from politics and the ward politicians who in the past sought to dominate it. He had found that the precincts were often practically identical with the political wards of the city. In some precincts the ward leaders had even assumed to give orders at times.

General Butler's first effort on arriving on the scene was to try to cut the connection between the ward heelers and the police. Now, however, having found that the mere ordering of a divorce between politics and the force has been only fifty per cent effective, the General has turned to a device that he expects to make ninety per cent effective.

He has planned a re-districting of the police precincts so that each station house will be near the center of its district and the precinct will be distinct from any of the city's political divisions. As Philadelphia is short of

(*Continued on page* 12)

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FIRST PRIZE POLICE STORY

Bluebeard's Fountain Pen

A Mystery of Almost a Generation Ago Was a Predecessor of the Recent Infamous Landru Case

NEW YORK Detectives, in a case in which they had only a picture drawn from description to go on, were faced by the suspect's flat denial of his identity as a man wanted in Chicago.

The officers' doggedness in sticking to the man and their extra thorough work in examining his effects transformed an arrest on suspicion of bigamy into a revelation of wholesale wife murder that is almost without parallel and shocked the nation.

Lieutenant Frye's prize-winning story of the case has been expanded from its original limit of 500 words into the following account, because of the striking nature of the narrative itself and the light it sheds upon an important detail of police work.

By Lieutenant EDWARD B. FRYE
Twenty-sixth Precinct, New York

SPECTACULAR crimes and great criminals come along in every generation and it is not surprising that those of today should be forgotten by tomorrow. Ask almost any man you happen to meet if he remembers the famous Bluebeard Case, and he probably will recall hazily something about the Landru affair in France.

Yet it has been less than twenty years since we had our own American "Bluebeard," whose crimes were probably more numerous, if not more spectacular than those of Landru, and who was called by the newspapers at the time "The Criminal of the Century."

This man was Johann Alfred Hoch, bigamist and poisoner, who paid the penalty for wife murder on a Chicago gallows in February of 1906. How many women he had married was never known. Certainly they were not fewer than thirteen, and they may have been as many as fifty. Several of them died under circumstances which were extremely suspicious, in view of later developments in his case. Yet Hoch almost escaped detection at the time he committed the crimes—might have escaped entirely except for one of those insignificant incidents which so often prove of vast importance in police investigations.

In his case it was the picking up of a fountain pen, found among odds and ends in a trunk, scarcely worth a second thought of anybody. How this pen linked him up with the murder of one of his wives, Mrs. Marie Welker-Hoch, is the subject of the present narrative.

When Hoch began his series of crimes is not known. He had married at least two women in Germany and had gone under a variety of names in that country before he came to the United States. His favorite method was to obtain lodgings in the home of a widow, woo her ardently, make the most extravagant claims about his own wealth and social position and rush her into marriage as rapidly as possible. This done, he quickly acquired control over her property, converting it into money and disappearing when there was no prospect of getting more. Well was it if the unfortunate woman made no great resistance to his demands, for thereby she at least saved her life. The fate of Mrs. Welker-Hoch proved only too clearly what she had to expect if she proved stubborn.

Lieutenant Frye, from a Photograph Made About the Time of the Bluebeard Case

Mrs. Welker-Hoch seems to have been a person of considerable force of character. Not only did she insist upon retaining control over her money, but she made other exactions of her husband which caused him much annoyance. Like most men of his kind, although he was by no means handsome, he held flattering views of

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his own prowess as a lady-killer. His wife was quick to observe any tendency to flirtatiousness and to rebuke him, and this resulted in violent quarrels.

Chicago Police Investigate

Finally, Mrs. Welker-Hoch, who had been mysteriously ill for some time, died suddenly in a paroxysm which was attributed to a stomach disorder. In the settlement of her estate, Hoch quarreled violently with some of her relatives, who opposed his claim to certain furniture, valued at about $2,000. A short time later he dropped out of sight, taking with him most of the property in dispute. All of this happened in Chicago and complaints of the deceived relatives caused the police of that city to make an investigation.

This soon disclosed many similar adventures of the missing man. One bigamous marriage after another came to light, and a hue and cry was raised for him. As yet there was no suspicion of foul play in the death of the latest Mrs. Hoch, but a resolute attempt was made to end his matrimonial activities. His description was published generally, but Hoch had been shy of photographers. The nearest thing to a picture of him was an imaginative portrait, drawn from the descriptions of his many victims, with arrows pointing to distinctive traits.

About that time, Mrs. Catherine Kummerle, a widow living at 546 West 47th street, New York City, got a new lodger in answer to an advertisement she had placed in a German language newspaper. He was a short, fat man, speaking English with a pronounced German accent. His forehead was receding, his jaws massive, his mouth large and loose-lipped, and he looked all of 50 years old. There was nothing to indicate that he was such a lady-killer as the Chicago Bluebeard was supposed to be.

Landlady Tells Police

One afternoon, it was on January 30, 1905, Mrs. Kummerle accidentally picked up a copy of that morning's New York American and saw in it the imaginative "memory picture" of Hoch. At once she was struck with certain points of resemblance between it and her lodger. Without loss of time she went to the West 47th Street Police Station with the paper and told her story. The writer of this was one of those assigned to investigate.

Bit by bit we learned from Mrs. Kummerle that her lodger was also a prospective wooer. The widow was a handsome, blonde woman of a fresh-faced German type, and while she did not seem particularly impressionable, the man had quickly got into her good graces. On the very first day after he had been installed in her house, he began paying her marked attentions. He was an excellent cook and helped her prepare some fancy dishes.

Within a day or so he was an avowed suitor, making pretenses of wealth, showing large sums of money and an assortment of good clothing and knick-knacks, and begging her to marry him. She admitted that he had a way of taking hold of her hand and "talking foolish about love and marrriage" that was very moving.

When she told us he rarely left the house, we determined to pay an immediate call upon this gentleman. A companion and I entered the house, making a pretense that we were seeking the landlady. We found our suspect sitting comfortably in a huge arm chair, a cigar between his lips, one of Dickens' novels open on his knee, and two dozen bottles of cold lager beer in easy reach.

Squirms Under Examination

He greeted us pleasantly enough, but we saw his color change and beads of perspiration break out on his forehead as we began asking questions. He denied that he was Johann Hoch and that he had ever been in Chicago. His name was Henry Bartels, he said, he was born in Germany, single, and was salesman for a brewery.

As we talked I picked up his light derby hat, and running my finger under the band as a matter of habit, I found a folded piece of newspaper, put there to make the hat fit more closely. Fortunately the name and date of the newspaper were on the fragment, which had been torn from a Chicago paper of December 5, 1905. I noticed the date particularly, because it was that of my own birthday. When I showed this to "Bartels" he shrugged his shoulders and said he had bought the hat in a second hand store on the Bowery for a quarter, and the paper must have been there at the time.

In one corner of the room I observed a trunk and when the man said it was his, I asked for the key, which he took out of his pocket and handed to me. The trunk was almost empty. Most of its usual contents had been taken out to make a show and impress Mrs. Kummerle. Later we found his wallet contained $630. He said he got the money from selling a saloon, but of course was never able to prove the transaction.

There were a few odds and ends in the trunk, however, among them a revolver and a fountain pen. Naturally the first attracted our attention, and we examined it carefully. It is probable that the pen would have beeen unnoticed if I had not tried to write with it and found it empty. When I unscrewed the top to see if it had been filled, I was astonished to discover it full of a white powder.

The possible importance of this discovery at once struck me. I marked the pen with my initials (E. B. F.) and sealed it in an envelope, later turning it over to Acting Captain James Fitzpatrick. Ultimately it reached the Central Office men assigned to the case because the suspect appeared to be a fugitive from justice.

Case Takes New Turn

It may fairly be said that this find gave an entirely new turn to the Hoch affair. The Chicago authorities were notified and began an investigation into the circumstances of Mrs. Welker-Hoch's death. The body was exhumed and it was shown that she had died from arsenical poisoning. When the powder in the pen was analyzed, it proved to be arsenic. Afterwards, in the trial, the chain was made complete when witnesses testified that Hoch sometimes prepared his wife's medicines.

We took "Bartels" to the station, in spite of his denials, and held him on the old bigamy charge as a fugitive. He was defiant and declared, if he were taken to Chicago, he would make those responsible ex-

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tremely sorry. He declared he would resist extradition, and prepared to make a fight of it.

He continued to deny his identity until he was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court on February 5. Then he lost all his composure when one of his many wives, Mrs. Marie Hendricks-Schmidt, came up to him and said, "Hello, John." He could only stammer that he was sorry, but that ended whatever chance he had to keep away from Chicago.

A slip of the tongue when Inspector O'Brien questioned him about the powder I had found also injured him. The inspector had asked in a casual tone of voice the cause of his last wife's death.

"I don't know, I ain't no doctor," he answered irritably. "But I think it was stomach trouble."

"What did the others die of?" the Inspector asked.

"Oh, some of them died of kidney disease," he had begun before he discovered the trap. Then he broke out into exclamations that he didn't mean that—hadn't understood the question. But the one phrase had been enough to show us we were right.

Hoch was taken back to Chicago, placed on trial, and convicted. I was sent out to testify about finding the arsenic. After a long legal fight which amazed the nation with its disclosures about the man's past, he was sentenced to hang. The sentence was carried out on Feb. 23, 1906, a little more than a year after my fortunate discovery of the secret of Bluebeard's Fountain Pen.

"We found Hoch sitting at ease in a rocking chair and reading a Dickens novel"

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FIRST PRIZE POLICE HUMOROUS STORY

Bridget's Boarder

An Early Morning Interlude in the Dull Routine Enlivens a Day for Men of the Twenty-first Precinct

By JOHN L. DAWSON, Traffic B

"IF I should be bumped off or pass out suddenly, please notify Mrs. Bridget Duffy, 386 East Twenty-sixth Street. MICHAEL MAHON."

These instructions, scribbled on a much worn card and deciphered with considerable difficulty, were found in the coat pocket of a man who had been killed by falling into an unprotected areaway in East Twenty-sixth Street early on a sunny Sunday morning.

Witnesses of the accident told the Lieutenant at the Twenty-first Precinct that the victim had been treading a circuitous and unsteady path down Twenty-sixth Street, and in making a detour in his efforts to avoid straightline travel, had plunged head foremost into the areaway. An ambulance surgeon had been called, but had been too late to be of service, so the body had been conveyed to the Station House in a patrol wagon.

There the card was found, the only thing on his person that pointed to an identification.

"Officer Dawson," commanded the Lieutenant, "go around to this address and bring Mrs. Duffy here."

I took the card. One glance showed me that the house was in the famous Gas House District. Though it was only 5 o'clock a faint light flickered behind a window shade. I thanked God that I would not have to spend an hour or so trying to awaken someone out of a sound sleep. They sleep almost the sleep of the dead in that section.

A short, irate woman with a rich brogue answered my knock, for the wreck of a house did not boast of a bell.

"Does Mrs. Duffy live here?" I inquired.

"Indeed she does, and sure, I'm Mrs. Duffy," she replied.

"I would like you to accompany me around to the Station House."

"What, a respectable woman like me, wanted at the Station House at such an unearthly hour as this? I'll let you know young man, policeman or no policeman, that I ain't done nothing to be ashamed of, and that I ain't a going around to no station with you, or the likes of you.

"What would the neighbors say if they saw the Widow Duffy being escorted to the Station House by a cop at 5 A. M.? My reputation would be ruined. And anyway, I was just going to mass, and here's me prayer-book.

"I'm sorry, but the Lieutenant has sent for you and you must come."

"The divil a bit I care about the Lieutenant, I'm going to mass."

Realizing that I was on the wrong track, I changed tactics and asked:

"Did you know Michael Mahon?"

At this she fairly screamed. "I should say I do. Hasn't he boarded with me for twenty-six years and

Bridget Was Emphatic
Cartoon by Lieut. De Milt, Safety Bureau.

hasn't he been out of work for the last six weeks, during which time I have been giving him three square meals a day and trusting him out of the kindness of me heart, and me a poor widow? Then the good-for-nothing stays away from home the first Saturday night after he lands a job. That's him. I'll warrant he drank up every cent of his first week's wages. Has he been arrested for it? I've often told him he'd end his days in jail."

"No, worse than that. A man fell down an areaway and was killed. We found this card in his pocket. We want you to come around and see if you can identify him."

It required considerable further pursuasion to induce the Widow Duffy to accompany me, but finally I prevailed upon her to do so after telling her she could go to a later mass. When she saw the body she let loose

(*Continued on page* 14*a*)

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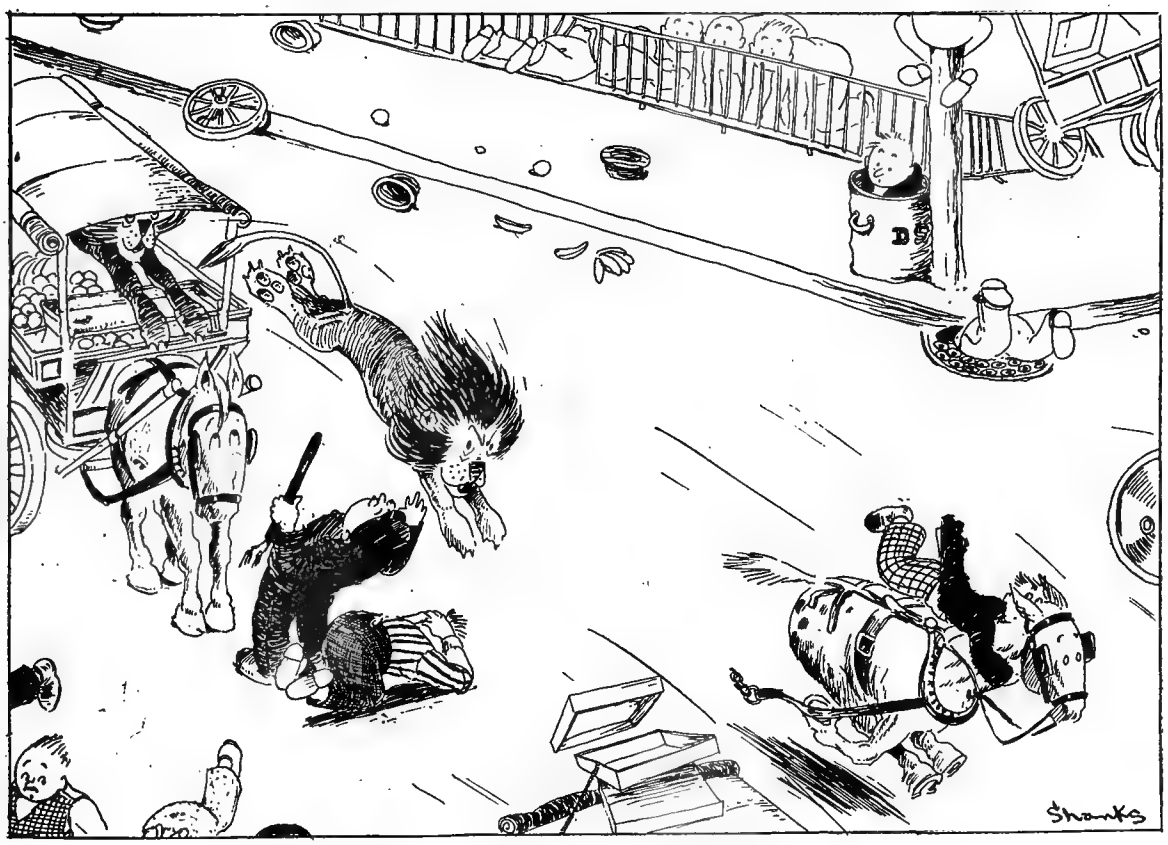
SECOND PRIZE POLICE HUMOROUS STORY

"Whoa, Lion!"

Our Hero Policeman Encounters Wild Jungle Kings and Wilder Peddlers and a Still Wilder Inspector

Patrolman WILLIAM MAGILL MILLAR'S Story,



The South African Beast Made a Circus Leap Toward Coffee

LION-HUNTING on Manhattan streets hasn't yet been listed as one of the popular outdoor sports and isn't entered in the currrent edition of the Athletic Guides, but anything can happen in New York, even lion hunts.

The last officially recorded chase along the sidewalks of New York after this elusive and sprightly variety of game was in the spring of 1917, and the hero of the expedition—or the goat, according to how you view the affair—was Patrolman John Coffee, as fine a "pal" as any a man on the force ever had.

Coffee grew up in Greenwich Village, established himself in pugilism under the name of the Coffee Cooler, and then, after successfully massaging his knuckles on the faces of sundry opponents, forsook the ring for the force.

On one large and handsome morning seven years ago the ex-Cooler was patrolling his beat in the neighborhood of First avenue and Forty-fourth street reflecting that the world was bumping along fairly satisfactorily after all, despite considerable opposition, when he became aware that things were happening down the line that shouldn't happen in a well regulated town.

There was, for one thing, entirely too much shouting and bellowing going on. Also there were too many horses standing on their hind legs and pawing at where the moon would be if there had been any moon. And, likewise, peddlers' wagons and truckmen's trucks were proceeding northward at a velocity not conducive to the health of pedestrians.

"And for why," ruminated Coffee, as he established himself in the middle of First avenue and proceeded to disguise himself realistically as a traffic tower by raising his hand with the "stop" signal, "for why should they be givin' imitations of Ben Hur right here on the East Side? Or do the poor nuts think this is Latonia, mebbe?"

Whatever the poor nuts thought, it was evident they had more on their minds than the policeman's signals. On bowled the wagons, the horses making more dents in the air than they did in the pavements, and the drivers giving vent to their favorite cuss words in more

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languages than can be found at the initiation meetings of the League of Nations. It was highly instructive, but Coffee had grown up on two languages—English and New Yorkese—and he was not interested.

As the cavalcade plunged upon him Coffee, to save himself from being mauled to death under the thundering hoofs, grabbed hold of a horse which, before it asserted its complete independence of man, had been driven by a diminutive peddler. The peddler was still in the party, hanging on to the seat with ten fingers and an unestablished number of teeth, but the horse was going it strictly on its own.

The collision between Coffee and the horse shook the peddler loose from his grip on the seat and as Coffee held the panting horse fast the ex-driver volplaned neatly through the air and landed with a nose dive in Coffee's midst.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Fright Brigade clattered on, sections of it dispersing into side streets, but the main battalion still bound northward with the evident ambitious intention of beating the Twentieth Century into Buffalo.

"For the love of all the saints!" gasped Coffee. "What's it all about?"

"Christoforo Columbo!" croaked the small peddler who was busily trying to hide himself behind the big cop. "Sacramento senorita Esperanto Madagascar tamale con amore!"

Or words to that effect.

Probably South African

And then Coffee looked up. On the wagon's seat, lately occupied by the driver, was perched, ready for a spring, a huge South African lion weighing the majority of a ton. Or, at least, it was probably a South African one. Coffee didn't stop to inquire into its genealogy. Neither did the lion stop.

Now, those were the days before they started selling tombstone-juice for seventy-five cents per epitaph, so when you saw a lion you generally saw a lion, instead of its being merely a warning signal to quit the stuff. So Coffee was not greatly astonished when the lion abandoned the seat, took an Annette Kellermann completely over his head, and scooted north at what they call in Traffic Court a high rate of speed. Lions, he reflected, are always pulling stunts like that. It's the nature of the beast. It's in the books.

It suddenly occured to him, however, that the crossing of First avenue and Forty-fourth street was as calm and Sabbathlike as is Cherryblossom Lane, Cos Cob, Conn., at 2 o'clock in the a. m. In a little glance around he found practically no one left in the street except the little peddler flopped on the ground near the horse's head, and a man in an auto.

Coffee hadn't more than sensed this quiet, however, than from the south came a bellow—a roar! Coffee, prepared now for anything, looked up to find another lion, huger, heavier and more South African than the first, bounding into the wagon, springing lightly to the seat and thence doing a second Annette Kellermann in the direction of Coffee.

In his direction, did one say? To be accurate, it was in the direction in which Coffee had been. Coffee was no longer there. One long, tawny comet leaping almost at him had been enough for the ex-pug. He knew well enough how to judge distances in the ring, but this judging where 1,500 pounds of lion would land was something else again. He hadn't had any circus practice in foretelling whether a lion's leap was over or at one, and at the moment he didn't want any. Coffee just naturally dropped out of the picture so far as Mr. Lion was concerned.

Real Fun Begins

Right here real excitement began. The wild truck stampede, the stopping of the one runaway and the genuine "leaps of two wild untamed lions over horse and men" had been as nothing to what happened when Coffee flopped to the ground. The peddler, mind you, was already there, and Coffee came down athwart him just as the No. 2 lion went into high gear racing north.

This mite of a man had been scared blue in the face from the beginning, but the concatenation of a great lion's roar overhead and the falling of a great body on him let loose as much anguish as a little man could hold. His eyes had been tight closed in an agony of fear, so now he naturally imagined—

What he imagined can be guessed from the fact that he bleated—possibly in imitation of the lion—and began to scratch madly. He was clear out of his senses lying there kicking and scratching at a supposed king of the jungle in the person of good old John Coffee.

And Coffee did a few things, too, so he afterward admitted, that aren't in the rules and regulations. When he came to himself he and the peddler were both in the gutter scratched, bruised and unhappy.

The lions? They were far up the veldt and still chasing vigorously after the vanishing horde of horses and drivers.

"Steps must be taken," said Coffee, the cop—and then he saw the way. A large and rather pleased-looking man was sitting in the automobile hard by where the peddler's horse was still shivering with castenet effects in its mid-riff.

The gent in the auto turned out eventually, although nobody but himself knew it at the time to be an African explorer and hunter of some note. Lions were old stuff to him. He could toss lions around more easily than a trained soda-jerker can juggle frosted chocolate. So he said:

"Hop in the car, cop, and when we catch up to this four-footed misfit, plug him in the bean. He apparently doesn't live around this district, so the bullet probably won't bounce off."

No sooner said than done. They caught up with the rear lion, Coffee fired, and the animal became defunct with great celerity. Coffee, having been to school in Greenwich Village, made a rapid mathematical calculation, concluded that two lions minus one lion equals one lion, and urged the driver to step on the juice.

By this time the surviving lion had reached Fifty-eighth streeet, where he collided with a vacant but still moving flivver, the driver having a few seconds previously recalled an important engagement and left to keep it, but neglecting to shut off power as he did so. The shock of the encounter with the car's radiator caused the lion to lose some of his exuberance, so he entered a hallway and ran upstairs into a second-floor office without noticing the "No Admission" sign on the door.

Never before in this particular office had there been such a breach of social etiquette. All the correspondence school courses on the subject distinctly state that lions should not enter offices with such signs on the

(*Continued on page* 12)

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International Police Conference

Cutting Criminality in Half

The Way to Reduce Its Toll of Human Life is to Provide Police Co-operation

By Richard E. Enright
Police Commissioner, N. Y. City
President, International Police Conference

THE job immediately ahead for the police forces of America is to see that they are given greater facilities for pursuing crooks—facilities that are badly needed in order to cut down the menace from the criminal classes.

The way to accomplish this is to push through the plan for a National Police Bureau that will automatically furnish co-operation between the various departments and co-ordinate their efforts with those of the police of other countries.

This proposition is now before Congress in a bill called the Kindred Bill after the Representative from this state who fathered it, and which received a hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the House on April 17. President Coolidge in his annual message last December picked this important project out as one of the few things he especially commended to the immediate attention of Congress.

The project has now reached the point where action is imminent and every good citizen's shoulder should be put to the wheel to see that it is put through.

WHY should Americans live under a criminal menace that can be greatly reduced by a simple act of government?

Why should not America's police have the advantage over the crooks?

These are not mere rhetorical questions. Every chief of police knows that the crooks have advantages they should not have, while the police face disadvantages they should not have to contend with.

These conditions trace directly back to lack of facilities for co-operation between police forces, due in this country partly to our system of state and city government which prevents the maintenance of strong federal or semi-federal police organizations like those in other parts of the world. The result is that a man who is officially a dangerous criminal in one state can go to other states and there masquerade as a harmless citizen.

Every chief of police the world over realizes that today's important police need is unity of action against crime. There is not one of these thousands of commanders but will say that the greatest present police weakness lies in lack of co-operation. Full and active co-operation that functions at all times.

Every police chief knows these things—but does the public know them? What the chiefs know should be known of all. Governments should know it. Voters should know it.

The question that every American should be made to ask himself is: "Why should every crook possess an 'open sesame' to new and practically safe hunting grounds the instant his old haunts are made too hot for him?"

Why should the crook have at his command all the needed facilities for continuing his calling indefinitely by merely leaping from jurisdiction to jurisdiction? By merely crossing a state boundary? By simply stepping on the gas. Of course there is no reason.

IT has been authoritatively asserted that ten thousand persons are annually done to death through the operations of criminals in the United States.

This startling statement was taken up by the American Bar Association and fully verified. It discovered that a large percentage of these killings were with the pistol, and, in classifying these crimes, its committee made many interesting deductions which are detailed in its excellent report.

Ten thousand murders by criminals in this country annually does not tell the entire story, for where one person is killed, at least five persons are more or less seriously injured, and some of them permanently injured or maimed for life.

Nor is this all. The total property loss entailed by the operations of criminals in America will probably approximate one billion of dollars, or about the total annual expenditure of the National Government prior to the World War.

Ten thousand fatalities through the operation of criminals means an annual loss of life in the United States that is three times greater than our fatalities in the Spanish-American War, and this great toll of human life is about one-fifth of our total fatalities in the World War.

If a great plague of smallpox, yellow fever, typhus fever or some other pestilence swept over the land and took an annual toll as great as that which the criminal is taking, our people would stand appalled. But to the criminal menace they give little heed.

Are we, as a people, naturally more criminal than the people of any other nation or is this frightful condition due to laxity in the enforcement of our laws or lack of co-operation and co-ordination in police work and other law enforcement organizations in this country?

We have no reason to believe that Americans, as a people, are less law-abiding than any other people, but there is a certain lack of co-operation in the enforcement of law in this country and also many handicaps and impediments in the enforcement of public justice which

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may well be the subject for intensive investigation and reform.

The police organization of our country, taken as a whole, is loosely spun and through the wide mesh created by the operation of numerous independent police organizations, the criminal frequently makes good his escape.

This mesh should be drawn tighter by closer co-operation and co-ordination in police work, a co-operation which can be effected only through the medium of a National Police Bureau through which all of the police and all law enforcement organizations of the country can be more efficiently operated.

A National Police Bureau should be established under governmental supervision at Washington. The cost to establish it and maintain it for a year would be about $250,000. Approximately the same amount would have to be appropriated to maintain it each year for some years to come. This is one-fortieth of one per cent on the estimated property loss. Leaving out the loss of life this is the cheapest of insurance.

Creating this bureau would not mean a nationalization of the police. This organization would be a Bureau of Record and Information. It would have no field force nor would it exercise any authority which rightfully belongs to the states. It would not interfere with city or state autonomy in police affairs.

The police chiefs of America believe that the establishment of an efficient National Police Bureau through which police work can be co-ordinated and through which all police organizations can efficiently co-operate, will reduce the toll of the criminal at least twenty-five per cent within the next five years, and perhaps fifty per cent within ten years as we become more efficiently organized.

If this is true or even partly true, then the move is well worth while and at least we are entitled to an opportunity to try it out.

The great banking and other institutions of this country who, in many ways, are the greatest sufferers from criminal depredations, at least from the standpoint of property loss, should get strongly behind this movement for a National Police Bureau through which we will link the police departments of this country and incidentally all other law enforcement bodies into an efficient co-operating organization for the protection of the public against the operations of the criminal.

The criminal menace must be reduced.

The criminal must be better curbed. The police must be active in co-operation and well-nigh a unit in the pursuit of the malefactor.

The National Police Bureau at Washington is needed. Its cost is slight—nothing compared to its benefits.

None but law-breakers oppose this plan. Who else can conscientiously object to it? Let us have unity, co-operation—and action on this measure.

It is a project that has no foes—in its very essence can have none. There is no "special" interest behind this bill—only a universal interest.

Whoa, Lion!

(*Continued from page* 10)

doors without knocking, and the clerks were so shocked by the overturning of the conventions that, without a word, they all left by the windows—taking the glass along as a souvenir.

When Coffee and the explorer arrived, they found the lion sitting on top of the clothes press regarding them with a baleful eye. Coffee closed the eye with six well-aimed bullets and then, as the lion crashed to the floor took a flying leap and rode, piggyback fashion, on the explorer down the stair chutes to the street. They arrived in Fifty-eighth street with the same double somersault effect that two clowns use in a twin act.

But that wasn't the end of the incident as far as Coffee was concerned, though. He hadn't had enough. A week or so later an Inspector demanded his presence and, when he arrived, fixed him with an eye so baleful that it made the lion's appear as mild and benign as that of a mother when Little Bertie has obeyed instructions about not asking for another hunk of pie. He then made the following oration:

"Coffee, your prejudice against lions is getting to be an obsession with you. Why, in the sacred name of Mike, do you mean by dashing wildly round the streets shooting all the lions you see?

"Why, dawgone it, man, those poor old pet tabbies had been in the circus since chorines started bringing breach of promise suits, and they were so weak that their owners had to dilute their milk with water before they could chew it.

"The way I always approach runaway lions," continued the Inspector, getting a fresh grip on his subject, is by approaching them in a quiet but firm manner and then remarking to them authoritatively, 'Whoa, lion; **whoa, lion!**'

"I continue this until they whoa. Then I grasp them by the manes and lead them to the station house. It always works, and there is no fuss and no hard feelings.

"Now, what ought to happen to you, Coffee, is to have charges of malicious murder or hunting without a license or something of the sort brought against you, but I've talked to the owners of these poor old pussycats and they're willing to have you let off with a reprimand. *But* in the future, when you see a zoo that's slipped its anchor, use your conk more and your gat less. Now get out."

And poor, dazed Coffee fled lest worse befall him.

Yes, anything can happen in New York.

Philadelphia Wars on Crooks

(*Continued from Page* 4)

funds, the older policemen wonder where all this money is coming from.

Another practice of the General's that has a strongly military flavor is his avoidance of social contacts with the people of the city. He has said to newspaper men that he is not visiting at any homes and is not receiving any visitors socially at his home.

"I don't want any nice lady to be asking me to protect some lawbreaker," he is quoted as saying.

General Butler is using a typical efficiency scheme in placing in his office conspicuous wall charts showing by shaded lines in different colors the number of crimes daily reported and the number of arrests made. So far the black line of the arrests has marked a sharp and constant ascent, while the red line, denoting the number of crimes, has for some little while been on the down grade. Arrests have recently been made in an average of two-thirds of the hold-ups. General Butler has not put up any public charts that show the number of convictions obtained.

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The Lesson

The Editor—Director of The Recorder, Teaches the Police How to do Their Duty

By Errol E. Hart

Scene: Tower offices of The Recorder.
Place: Any City.
Time: 1 A. M. any morning.

* * *

Editor-Director of the *Recorder* (holding up a fresh edition of the paper, still inky, before the eyes of his assistant). The headline, bold and black, reads:

"POLICE UNABLE TO COPE WITH BANDITS"

"Some nifty headline to finish our campaign against the police, eh?"

Assistant—You certainly did dress them down today. But chief, this thing worries me. It doesn't seem to help us. Besides isn't all this pounding apt to have a bad effect on the police—discourage them?

Editor—Nonsense. They thrive on it. Denouncing them makes them better. Really, I ought to get a medal for my public-spirited service in roasting them all these years.

Assistant—You've earned it if anyone ever did. You've staged fifteen campaigns against the police without ever giving them a comback.

Editor—Look what our campaigns have done. The force has improved by 200 per cent in the twenty-five years I've been after them. We've done that. Just by calling them names we've made them straight, energetic and successful. That's a paradox for you. Make quite a story—only we can't admit they've improved. Our cue is "down with the police."

Assistant—Well, if its good for them, is it good for us? We don't want to be losing circulation just to improve the police, do we?

Editor—Losing circulation, what do you mean? Why we have all the cops reading the paper to see what we say about them. And the public. Why when we started these attacks on the police twenty-five years ago our circulation went up by leaps and bounds.

Assistant—I mean I think there's something wrong about it. Everybody knows our circulation is standing almost still now while the other two papers are going ahead fast. And our advertising is slipping away.

Editor—Oh, if we stir up enough interest we'll get 'em both back.

Assistant—That's just the point—I think we won't. It's all too one-sided. All charges—and some of them mighty wild. People are getting too sensible for that. The political campaigners have learned better, why can't we?

Editor—The campaigners, how do you mean?

Assistant—Stop a moment and think back to the kind of mudslinging cheap campaigns we had, say in the 16-to-1 year. Where would such a campaign get today—nowhere.

Editor—What's that got to do with us?

Assistant—We're doing just what the old campaigners tired out the public with—ex parte stuff. Not giving the other side a chance.

Editor—You suggest that we stop?

The Editor Decided to Fool These Amateurs

Assistant—Well, if not exactly that—at least get in line with the up-to-date practice. The other two papers print a lot of charges too—but they make it a point to give the crowd they're attacking a fair show. We don't, we just roast. I'm beginning to believe, we're on the wrong track, behind the age so to speak.

Editor—Well, we're like Barnum, we stir up the animals so as to draw in the crowd. If we didn't prod them there wouldn't be any interest.

Assistant—Still we ought to learn something from the politicians.

Editor—Certainly, we can learn that every single expose leads to another. We'll follow Barnum. That reminds me—put down a memo for me to have the City Editor get after the police tomorrow because they're letting so many young criminals run around loose. All these fellows they arrest are young, I notice.

* * *

The Editor-Director was still smiling over his coup on the police when he stepped into the American basement of his brick residence on a side street. His early morning supper had agreed with him. He looked back on the evening as a well spent one. Had he not broiled the police to a turn over his devil's fire.

As his keys jingled back into his hip pocket he bethought himself that he could sleep easily, having already provided for the next day's paper. The grin of satisfaction was graven on his face by this time, so long had it held sway.

But that grin faded into a grimace of pained astonishment as he closed the door behind him. For something pointed pressed into his ribs at the back and a voice said:

"Put 'em up quick, pard."

The voice evidently strove to be harsh. The Editor felt something was wrong about that voice—that it did not match its role. But he had read enough of his own

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crime wave accounts to know what the words meant. He "put 'em up." Keeping behind him his captor pressed him on and up the stair to the second floor.

"Oh, Bert, I tried to warn you but they stopped me," sobbed his wife's voice from the upstairs living-room.

"Lights," said the voice behind him—the queerly unhoarse voice that had taken command of him. "Lights, Billy, let's see who we've got."

Finds Living-Room Upset

The living-room button was touched and a transformation scene glowed before him. Where was the peaceful living-room of his accustomed home-comings?

The centre of this room he saw was filled with a strange clutter of furs and silver pieces from his sideboard. He almost started forward when he saw his pet golf-cup lying there with a couple of jewel cases thrust into its mouth like gags.

At one side, tied to a chair with bands of linen was his wife. Far across the room his boy and girl were staring in evident affright straight at something he could not see. Crane his neck to one side as he would, he still could not get the range.

Then came opportunity to see. "Mosey," said that voice that rang untrue. "We've been waiting for you." A poke in his back from the pointed thing emphasized the order. He wondered if the pointed thing were just some umbrella end instead of that which he feared.

There are men who would have taken a chance on that point. But not the Editor. Years of playing safe—keeping on the secure side in office politics, of never taking a chance on a piece of news—had unfitted him for a risk on this stage where to lose meant to lose all. He "moseyed" as ordered.

And then he saw that at which his children stared. First he caught the glint of dull metal, pencil-like, pointing at the two fascinated children as if in a game. It looked like a game—perhaps it was? If so, it was no merry one. Jack and Susie had been crying. He noticed that as he reached the door.

"Oh, Bert," moaned his wife. "They've held us here ages waiting for you—give them the stuff in the wall safe and get them out of here. If they stay I'll go stark staring mad, I know I shall."

"Yep, come on, open up the safe—we're ready to go," came from behind. There was that queer tone again. A holdup man ought to have a manlier voice.

Thinks Them Kids

The clue came to him—they were kids. That one over there in his flashy blue gray suit and English style hat wasn't more than six years older than eleven-year-old Jackie in front of him. What steady hands the kid had.

Hands?—Why, yes, two hands. He had produced another pencil sized bit of metal, but this time it didn't look pencil-like. Rather like a shot-gun. It was pointed right at the Editor—a little dull circle against the flesh of the hand—but how big it seemed.

"Higher," barked this lad. "Keep 'em well up or——"

Hands were flying over the Editor, hands that came from one side. He couldn't look, couldn't even glance at their owner. Fascinated he kept his eyes straight forward. His gaze was held as a rabbit's is held by a snake's eyes. Only the thing that charmed here was a single eye—a dull metal circle.

The flying hands took his pocket-book from his hip pocket. Hands took his watch, his stickpin, his gold cigarette case. If only they didn't get his wallet from that safe place in his inside breast pocket! No—they had found that too!

His friend of the odd voice had by now moved in front of him to make the search. Why, he was a mere runt! A small nut, but hard to crack, the Editor figured as, for the space of a thought, he let his glance flicker away from that eye-compelling spot of dull metal across the room. Why this fellow wasn't any bigger than his caddies out at Bonnie Brae.

He was accustomed to thinking things out alone—how to get this story or that. Here was a problem, how to best these young—these young what? Why, boys—that was all they were. What to do about it?

If he only knew jui jitsu, if he had only studied that at the club, instead of poker.

The quiet manner of control had been his since he had become a master of men. He had effectually suppressed the early fervors of a warmly sociable youth and had replaced them with a cold fishy calculation that had made many men work for him, but few love him.

Now he spoke—as if to his city editor.

"You know you can't get away with this—the police'll ——"

"The police—bah! Ain't they running around in circles and getting nowhere. They can't do nothing. This town's wide open."

It was the Runt who made this long speech. There was that in his voice that made the Editor think of the time in a high school play when he had impersonated a gruff man of Wall Street—why, that was the clue—acting!

This fellow was acting. But acting what? Playing old, that's what he was doing—trying to be gruff with that voice that still had the adolescent squeak. Just a young kid—perhaps he could be bluffed. Possibly a pat hand bluff could be run on him. It was worth trying.

"I'm very strong at headquarters," the Editor went on, "and if you lads let up——"

But they didn't care what would happen if they did let up. Only present prospects interested them.

"Headquarters be hanged," pursued the Runt. "We ain't never seen it, and we ain't going to. Get on there and open that safe. We can't wait all night. Our car'll steam up standing out there running."

So that was it—the car with the engine running that he had seen in the street. That was the way they had come.

He twirled the safe combination as he thought how he could outwit these amateurs—that's what they were amateurs! Contempt for them grew in him.

Tries to Save Pearls

Reaching his fingers into the jewel repository he decided to fool these beginners. With his hand hidden in the safe he slipped the pearl necklace into his coat sleeve. He thought to bring some of the other jewelry out—to hold it high, so that the necklace would stay safely in his sleeve. The other pieces meant a loss of only a few hundred dollars, while the pearls were real. He would save them at any cost.

"Hey, what ya doin' there!" came a staccato cry. A revolver butt crashed down on the Editor's head. The "amateur" had acted instantly on perceiving that treachery was afoot.

The Editor leaned against the wall, his head crackling and awhirl. At first it seemed as if he were in the vortex of a storm—then as if his head were filled with

(*Continued on page* 49a)

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Proud of Police, Says Mayor

They Have Cleared City of Organized Vice and Gambling and Have Made It Safe for Women by Night

By Mayor John F. Hylan

THE new International Police Conference Magazine, which makes its first appearance with this issue, appeals strongly to me. There is need of an unbiased, truthful medium of communication between the people of the city and one of the most important of our municipal departments. Any official who has tried to place before the public the facts regarding his stewardship knows how difficult this is when so many channels of information are owned, controlled or subsidized by those whose interest it is to conceal such facts.

Fortunately for the public official of honest intentions in this city, the public discounts the statements of the obviously prejudiced press and does not hesitate to appraise the sincerity and service of such an official by the magnitude of the abuse which the corporation dominated newspapers heap upon him.

"New York is the cleanest of the world's largest cities." That is the language of the Committee of Fourteen in referring to conditions in this city since January 1, 1918. This is quite an acknowledgment, even though grudgingly given, from a group which has never attempted to conceal its hostility toward the present city administration.

The statement is all the more conspicuous because disorderly hotels flourished unmolested in this city during all the years previous to 1918 that this committee was in existence, and in particular during the four years of a 'Reform' administration which found much favor with this committee.

The statement of the Committee of Fourteen may be amplified as follows:

There are no so-called disorderly houses in the City of New York, some fifty of them which existed on January 1, 1918, having since been permanently closed by police action.

Vice no longer flaunts itself on the highways and byways of this city, when not so many years ago a decent woman would have to avert her eye in a walk from the Grand Central Station to Broadway and Forty-second street.

There are no gambling hells, large or small, the keepers of many of the pretentious establishments having found it more comfortable to take up honest means of livelihood or to quit the city.

Of course, in our determination to keep the city free from all forms of viciousness, we have encountered the enmity of some of our so-called "best people," the hypocritical gentry who stand with downcast eyes and upraised hands at any mention of evil, but who formerly were not above accepting rents for premises which they owned where the sons and daughters of decent fathers and mothers were robbed of health and money and character.

If we listened to some of these individuals who spoke in low, soft tones, and permitted a "wide-open" town, they would be shouting for us today instead of shouting at us. And if there were any dark and noisome spots in the city, these same hypocrites would have it blazoned forth upon the front page of every hostile newspaper.

Photo Copyright Underwood & Underwood

Mayor John F. Hylan

The police department today is run without suggestion or control from the easy-money individuals and underworld parasites who long ruled the department from the outside with the aid of men prominent in the newspaper world and with their agents honeycombed throughout the department. Some of the traffickers in shame could hardly credit it that the days of their evil trade had come to an end.

The monopoly they enjoyed they were determined to continue to enjoy. With this warped conception their friends in newspaper circles and other walks of life readily acquiesced. But we sent them packing, and the lines of communication heretofore existing between the

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police department and the underworld have been effectually severed.

Commercialized vice, which thrived and was fostered under the protection and with the collusion of authority, has been extirpated root and branch. New York is a clean city, free from the gilded palaces of sin, the brothels that lured our youth, and the vice that brazenly flaunted itself.

The work of making our city morally clean called for the vigilance, determination, watchfulness and constancy of the police. If you would know how thoroughly this work has been done, ask any woman who has been living in the City of New York for the past six or more years. It is the women who endure the agony that the plague spots create.

If this administration did nothing but clean out the cesspools of vice and viciousness it should earn the approbation of all who want the homes of the people the centres of good health and happiness.

We must protect the boys and girls growing to manhood and womanhood. My experience in the magistrates' and county courts in Brooklyn has amply demonstrated to me that at least eighty per cent of all those arraigned in the courts are persons under the age of 25 years. Bad environment rather than inherent criminal tendency was the cause for dereliction. They had made a step in the wrong direction. The reason they had for taking that step was usually lack of employment or improper surroundings.

While the lack of employment might be attributable sometimes to physical or mental deficiency, as a rule it was due in the cases of youths to two important causes: pool parlors and loitering on street corners until late hours so that they were unfitted to perform their work properly the following day.

Convinced that the great majority of young offenders are victims of bad environment rather than innate wickedness, I have always been an enthusiastic believer in the probation system. The policy of kind treatment, removal from vicious surroundings and the awakening of latent honor through probation, constituted to my mind the essential instruments of reform.

The vicious and hardened criminal should and does receive the full extent of the law, but the avoidance of a first term in prison for a foolish misguided boy or girl is something which may mean a benefit not only to the individual but also to the society of which he or she is a part.

A good policeman is often the best friend of an erring youngster. Indeed, he is just as essential to the peace and happiness of a community as is a good judge. He deserves equal respect and consideration. We all know that the police often have to act on the spur of the moment. True, they may make mistakes, but judges do likewise even with opportunities to deliberate.

Magistrates and judges can increase the respect of the people for the police by not publicly abusing a police officer if, in the discharge of his duties, he may at times be guilty of exercising poor judgment. Such public condemnation may discourage a conscientious policeman at the same time that it emboldens an offender.

Let us help the police. They may be depended upon to help us.

Bridget's Boarder

(*Continued from page* 8)

a tirade the likes of which I have never heard in all my born days. Finally we had to stop her.

"It's Michael Mahon all right." The Lieutenant asked, "Do you want to claim his body?"

"Yes, it's Mahon, all right," she exclaimed, "and do I want to claim his body, the body of that good-for-nothing? No, he can go to torment for all I care. Why should I claim him? If he'd come home last night and paid me what he owed me, me the person who has boarded him for all these years, he would have been alive and happy now. But he didn't. He went and got pickled and now he's got just what he deserved. No, why should I take him and have to pay his funeral expenses after he treats me like this, the loafer."

"But you know he'll be buried in Potter's field if the city has to bury him," the Lieutenant remarked in an effort to raise her pity, but his efforts were wasted.

"And what do I care." I don't care whether they bury him at all, at all. What's he to me?"

With that she fled toward the floor, berating the poor dead man all the way. As the door opened, she flung back:

"And you want me to bury him. "I'll be —— if I will."

Half an hour passed. There was a commotion at the door.

"Must be a riot outside," the Lieutenant commented.

The door opened with a bang. The Widow Duffy burst through with two companions and rushed breathlessly up to the desk waving a bundle of papers. She was a transformed woman. She had donned her Sunday finest and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"The dear wonderful man," she began.

"Who? Me," queried the Lieutenant.

"No, Michael Mahon, he who's dead there on the floor. He's the best man what ever lived. I'll take back every evil word I ever said about him."

With that she fell on her knees beside the body, stroking his face all the while showering him with endearing expressions.

"Shall we take the body around to your house, Madam?" the Lieutenant finally asked.

"Yes, the dear creature," she assented. "We'll notify Undertaker Fogarty and have him give him the finest funeral there ever was in the church. And we'll bury him beside me husband, for he was the best friend my husband ever had. Oh, the dear man, to think I should ever have doubted him. I want all you policemen to come up to the wake, as there will be plenty to eat and plenty to drink and plenty to smoke."

"Why this sudden change of heart?" bantered the Lieutenant.

"The dear angel in heaven. He was insured for $1,000 in the life insurance company. Here are the papers and me name's on them."

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The Policewoman's First Adventure

She Is Sent to Rescue An Eloping Society Girl—And Then the Excitement Begins

By Mary Hamilton, Patrolwoman, N. Y. Police Department

WHEN a parlor-car of a day express from New York pulled into Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, a chloroformed elderly woman was found to be the sole occupant of its stateroom.

She was quickly identified as a society leader in the Quaker City and the police learned that she had been unconscious when brought to the train. A nurse who had been with her had vanished from the non-stop express.

Had the woman been robbed or otherwise maltreated besides being chloroformed in New York?

Urgent wires demanding an answer to these queries went forth but remained long unanswered despite the fact that both the Philadelphia and New York police bestirred themselves mightily.

How those answers bore on Mrs. Hamilton's experiences she tells here.

IN the days when I was new on the force and many New Yorkers did not know that there were policewomen on duty, the few of us who were in the service in the metropolis were often called on to take care of cases in which it was necessary that the persons we were operating against should have no suspicion of our identity.

Such an affair was that of the Philadelphia Society Girl, which was put in my hands one summer day in 1917.

Although I thought I knew my business, I know now that I really was quite green at it. The adventure I fell into can be directly traced to the fact and to the contributing circumstance that I had little training or instruction in police work. Today all of New York's 100 patrolwomen are given a course of active training and things are quite different. But my story deals with the time when we were new to the public and new to the policemen.

I was just about to leave Headquarters on this morning when my Chief called me in to talk with a woman who had just arrived from Philadelphia. There is no need today to use her name, but the family is one of the old stand-bys in the Quaker City. She was and is wealthy, refined and active in the Germantown set. She was then a widow about 42 to 45 years of age. When I first saw her, her head was bowed on the Chief's desk and she was weeping.

"I have just found her, Captain," she said, "but I can't reach her. They won't let me get to her and the only thing to do is to send some woman up there to talk to Dorothy.

"If I can only get the message to her that I will forgive everything she will run out of that house and into my arms. If your policewoman can only reach her you will save her years of unhappiness later on."

The Black Sheep

The Chief explained to me that the woman's daughter, Dorothy, who was twenty, had run away from her home in Philadelphia with a young man who was a member of a fine New York family but was its only black sheep. He had been graduated from Harvard two years before and since that time had given himself to riotous living and to gambling.

The result had been that his family had three times saved him from arrest for issuing worthless checks, had twice paid women of ill-repute to give up their holds on him, and had finally disowned him as a hopeless case.

The young man, whom we will call George Bleecker, had known Dorothy for years and had so fascinated her that she had eloped with him, trusting that they would be married on arrival in New York. The young fellow had been too poor-spirited to even carry out this promise, and in the year that had passed had kept moving about with his supposed wife from one furnished room to another.

Detectives employed by the girl's mother had hunted him energetically, but each time they discovered his whereabouts he had immediately moved, thus preventing her mother from getting in touch with his victim. It was known that the girl despaired of ever being forgiven for her elopement and that the birth of a baby, which had occurred two months before, had confirmed her in the belief that she was never to return to her Philadelphia home and must stick to her "husband" through thick and thin.

That she was leading a miserable life was also known to the detectives who had been trailing the couple, but they had never been able to reach her with a message of forgiveness from her mother.

These detectives from Philadelphia had only the day before found the pair rooming in a small mean house on West Thirty-eighth Street beyond Eighth Avenue, and had promptly reported the address to their employer. She had come up to New York on the morning train, had gone directly to the apartment, and had found herself shut off from all access to her daughter by a thick set, blowsy old woman, who opened the down stairs door only so far as a chain would permit and refused point-blank to call the young woman.

(*Continued on page* 63)

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The Mountain Camp Invites

Where Invigorating Air Puts New Pep Into Policemen and Their Families

By Joe Mitchell Chapple
Editor The National Magazine

WHETHER in the piping days of prosperity or in those of depression, the work of the New York police must go bravely on. Constantly preparing for emergencies and future contingencies, Commissioner Richard E. Enright did not stop with merely looking after the routine work and the efficiency of his force, or with raising money for the various police funds. With keen vision he saw that something better than the city provided must be found to preserve the high physical standard and the spirit of his men. Foresight and business judgment combined led him to look about for a location for a Police Recreation Camp, where his men could obtain the rest and recreation necessary to fitness for the most vigorous service.

To plan is to act. After a thorough survey of the state he purchased a camp in the Catskills for approximately $50,000, obtaining an estate which is today worth $500,000. Within a year he has made it a famous vacation rendezvous, as the New York Police Recreation Camp. Here the police spend their vacations amid the healthful, romantic surroundings associated with memories of Rip Van Winkle. Here the riot regiment goes into training. Here the widows and orphans of policemen who have been killed or have died in the service enjoy a summer holiday, without expense to themselves.

Far from the din and jangle of the city, the policemen recuperate from nervous tension. Nearby is the Devil's Kitchen, glen and cavern which rival in picturesque and scenic interest the great canyons of the Rockies. The surrounding farms and fields, flowers, gardens and forests, with a swimming pool and running streams, furnish a picture of God's enthralling bounty. No millionaire in his isolated estate has more of Nature's wealth unfolded to enjoy or soothe jaded nerves.

The camp has been visited by many eminent folk from all over the world and there they have found a spirit of family unity among the New York police. In this concrete achievement Commissioner Enright has again demonstrated constructive genius by definitely aiding the maintainance of high efficiency among his men. Here he mingles with them, enjoying his own rest days in a spirit of comradeship.

On a plateau overlooking the Catskills is an athletic field, the like of which is not surpassed. Here the virility and vigor of the men in camp is put to a test in games and sports. In these rivalries among themselves they are preparing for the strenuous work ahead. When isolated on their beats they must often stand alone in life and death emergencies, but here they have the fellowship of the camp.

There are crossroads in the camp facetiously labelled "Forty-second Street and Broadway" and the like. These are play days and the sense of humor is never lost. In the main hall or dormitory, Indian Head Lodge, is a tablet which the policemen insisted upon placing there in honor of Richard Enright, the man who had conceived of this camp for them, and stirred in every one of them a desire to be the best man on his beat. This is part of that upstanding feeling in the personnel of the New York police that has caused a marked change in the attitude of the public toward the "cop."

The beautiful estate of five hundred acres seems especially adapted for its present purpose. Its former owner, Mr. Kaplan, had built around his country house a group of homes for his several sons and daughters, and these now house many police families. The central building is the scene of many gatherings, from morning chats on the porches to festivities in the evenings and church services on Sunday. There are concerts by prominent artists and musicals which give the place the aspect of a haven of recreation.

The little cottages at the fringe of the woods seem like little love nests where the policemen and their families get a real breath of outdoors. It is a community in itself. Many of the men live in special tents suggesting the picturesque ancient legions of Cæsar. The camp of the Rifle Regiment is most appropriately called "Camp Richard E. Enright." There the spirit of the Commissioner reigns without his physical presence.

There is something doing every hour of the day—every day of the week. A tramp or fishing expedition is followed by some event which is posted on the bulletin board. The Barbecue, at which a 1,200 pound ox was roasted in the real, old fashioned way last season, was a touch of old time frontier days. The ceremonies were complete to the last detail, for was that not Oscar of the Waldorf directing the feeding of the multitudes—and curing the beef?

With pick and shovel, or with rod and gun, the men keep busy, for there are new roads to make and apple orchards to rehabilitate. There are fields where tractors are at work, for farming is here something more than a pastime.

Among the distinguished guests at the camp have been Sir Thomas Lipton, General Weigel, Governor "Al" Smith, Senator Copeland, and the world's great police chiefs who attended the International Police Conference in New York last year.

The Mayor's and Police Commissioner's headquarters are in Hylan Cottage, named in honor of Mayor Hylan, whose birthplace is not far distant. Everyone seems to want to have a part in fixing up and outfitting the camp. There is a friendly spirit of democracy and neighborliness, an atmosphere of cheery, care-free days. In the evening groups of men wander about the camp singing with all the freedom and frolic of boys on vacation. When curfew rings there is a quiet stillness about the place, broken only by the chirping of crickets and treetoads.

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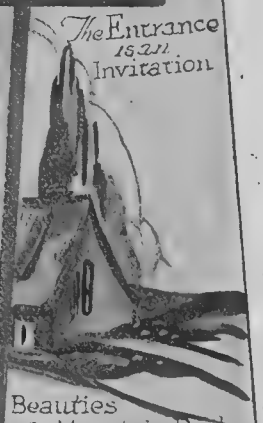
Tempting Spots at the Mountain Camp

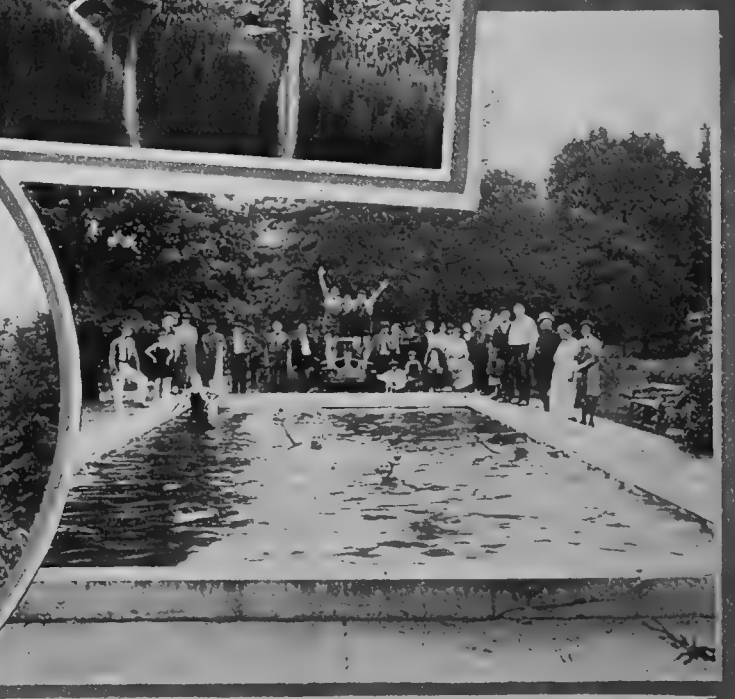
The New Bungalows



The Entrance
to an
Invitation

Beauties
of a Mountain Pool.

Indian Head
Lodge from the
Drive



In the Swim

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Silver Jubilee Banquet of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association

One of the great successes of the Lieutenants' banquet held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel a short time ago was the decorative scheme here shown. The flags of the nation, the state, the city, and police department and of the Association itself made a display that inspired some of the

Among those seated at the speakers' table were the President of the Association, Lieut. John H. Ayers, and to the right President Emeritus Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright and Admiral Charles P. Plunkett. To the left of President Ayers appear in order the Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, General William Weigel, U. S. A., Former Senator Charles A. Towne, and Special Deputy Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo.

The Battle for Traffic Regulation

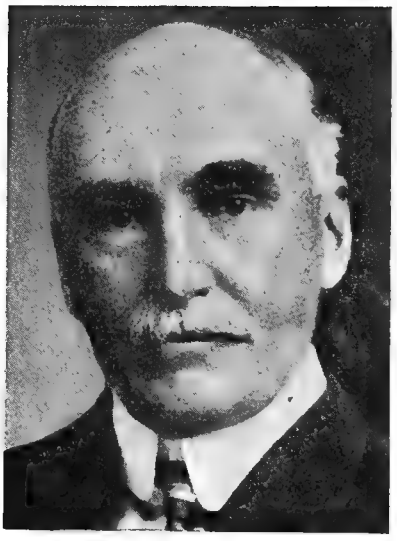
What Modern New York is Grateful for Old New York Fought Tooth and Nail

By Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo, Former Police Commissioner

The Father of Traffic Regulation

OUR giant Traffic Squads of today had their beginnings under the then Commissioner McAdoo, who was the first official in this country to force the formation of traffic lines and to so safeguard vehicles and pedestrians. This was done at Brooklyn Bridge early in 1904.

It is of the fight caused by those early efforts of controlling street vehicles in those pre-motor days that Mr. McAdoo tells in these articles. In this day, when the press of vehicles is many times as great but is smoothly handled, thanks to the principles Mr. McAdoo inaugurated, it is hard to believe that the very beneficiaries of the new regulation were the ones who most viciously opposed it.



Chief Magistrate McAdoo

The Birth of the Traffic Squad

AFTER the election of Mayor McClellan in 1903 and while he was still a Representative he asked me to visit him in Washington. As I had known him and his father, the General, as Governor of New Jersey for many years, I quickly complied. He then asked me to become Police Commissioner under him on the approaching first of January. I was afraid of the job and told him so and promptly declined the offer because so many reputations had been ruined and characters wrecked in connection with that place.

Afterwards because of the intercession of friends I reconsidered the matter and while I was still in doubt a very well known public man of concededly great constructive ability and administrative capacity, advised me to take the place and said:

"If you can do something to relieve the terrible vehicular traffic conditions in Manhattan at least, New York will forgive you almost any mistake you may make."

We outlined then and there a plan which was practically the beginning of the Traffic Squad and I accepted the office of Police Commissioner.

When I assumed office on the first of January, 1904, vehicular traffic regulation, so far as it existed, was enforced by officers placed on the crossings at principal thoroughfares like Broadway; by a few mounted men who rode on Fifth Avenue between Fourteenth Street and the Park and by a small squad of men on bicycles scattered throughout the city. There were small islands of concrete and granite dividing the lines of traffic as such places as Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue so that crowds of timid pedestrians would scamper like frightened quail from the sidewalks to the islands, there to remain until they could safely run to the farther side.

On Broadway and other streets the surface cars on rails barely moved because the truck drivers in front of the cars paid no attention to the motormen's gong-ringing and stolidly drove on, thereby reducing the speed of the cars to that of the horse-drawn trucks. Today this

(*Continued on page* 60)

LOOKING FORWARD

Hail to the time when there will be at least 5,000 men and officers in the Traffic Squad instead of 1,700 as now.—*William McAdoo.*

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The Quest for the

THE Race to find a Vanished Society Beauty Enlists the Great Lawyer, the Captain of the Missing Persons Bureau and the Private Investigator — An Unpublished Story of the Christmastide.

Illustration by Leo Kober

The Glowing Face of a Winter Sports Girl Was Emblazoned There

ANOTHER Dorothy Arnold Case!" is the Whisper that goes around the Missing Persons Bureau When the Search is Started — The Blank Wall Faces the Detectives.

(Transcribed from the Records of the Missing Persons Bureau by Edward Luce)

MY chain-barred tires seemed to be crunching into the white frosting of some giant wedding cake as they shot me up the Bronx hilltop to the "gas" station. The little bit of world just ahead was snow-transformed for the moment into a grotesque likeness of one of those monumental white affairs "art" caterers are disposed to display in windows—possibly as deterrents to matrimony.

The resemblance was not decreased by the turning of the station into a white-blanketed temple bearing close relationship to those chaste pavilions before which the confectioners pose candy bridegrooms and brides in black and white symbolism.

The sharp difference was that before me the black figure was not of a smearily happy bridegroom but of a sharply etched car of the best-known make. It was standing before the "gas" station and the man in it was waving what might have been a bride's picture—so beauteous was the face of a girl emblazoned there.

It was bitter cold in this near-Westchester hill country, and every radiator overcoat was pulled down close. The more astonished was I then to find that the errand of the man in the black open car was to ask the "gas" man if he had seen a girl "like this."

The Bride-Like Beauty

"This" was a highly colored magazine cover on which the glowing face of a winter sports girl glowed against a neutral background of various kinds of grays.

"No," said the youthful "gas" man, "don't know her—but maybe my helper saw her."

He opened the door of the snow-covered glass cubicle and called. And his helper came forth—a doddering old man!

The man with the magazine and I both laughed. Who was to think that such a wreck might be interested in blithe misses in the bloom of youth?

But snap judgment is merely a precursor of repentance. The old man avidly took the magazine in hand and peered at the little American beauty. It was obviously with reluctance that he handed it back.

"Nope," he quavered, "ain't seen none like her. Sure would have made a note on't if I had. Some doll!" He sighed, audibly.

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Magazine Cover Girl

Another laugh followed and the man in the little black car shot out a keen word.

"Lots of life in you yet, eh, grandpa?"

The Wife Intervenes

With that he prepared to depart into the cutting wind. Prompted by a quick phrase from my wife sitting with me in the sedan, I opened the door and spoke to the man of the magazine.

"What's it all about, old chap?"

"Why, we're looking for a missing girl and they say this is the spittin' image of her. Have you seen her?"

The Sad-Eyed Collie Resumed the Watch for His Absent Mistress

"No, can't say I have"—here my spouse whispered a query in my ear—"who's looking for her?"

"Her people, sure. I'm from the Missing Persons Bureau at Headquarters."

"Well, good luck—don't freeze in that open chariot."

"My, that must be an important case to bring him out in this bone-shaking cold looking for her," was my wife's shrewd comment.

Google

My sluggard interest here awakened. A pretty girl—mystery—a chase! Presto! I was on a trail that was to lead me far. First it took me next morning to the city's great Central Police Station. What I learned there is here set out in type for the first time. The affair was then—and ever will be, so far as the real names are concerned—one of the unpublished stories.

The Police Shield

NO more variegated clientele can be imagined than that which is to be seen day by day in the Missing Persons Bureau, busiest of the compartments in the great Georgian-style, granite-faced honeycomb that is New York's Police Headquarters. The high and the low find their way to this commonplace office in response to one urge that stirs all human hearts, even those that are hard encased in gold or caste.

So the matter-of-fact room is well accustomed to the unaccustomed. Despite that fact it responded instantly to the entrance of the Great Lawyer. He was no sooner inside the door than all eyes focussed on him.

Here was a man who carried past dignities so easily as to seem unconscious of them. He had been for eight years a justice of the Supreme Court in New York State, four years a judge in the Federal Court in Manhattan, and for twelve years Mr. Justice Varney of the United States Supreme Court in the domed Capitol in Washington. He had left that high service while yet in the prime of life in order to reap richer reward in the more lowly activities of the corporation lawyer.

The Big Brother

Some had said of Hubert Varney that in his professional capacity he was a Big Brother to the Millionaire, and in his lay capacity a Big Brother to Humanity-at-Large.

They are gentle with all callers in this room where practically every visitor bears a tale to twist the heart-strings. Yet it would be idle to deny that there was a special kindliness in the sergeant's voice when he asked: "Whom do you wish to see, Judge?"

The well-modulated answer was, "Captain Raye, please."

"J. P. Morgan must be missing," was a clerk's sibilant comment as Judge Varney disappeared into the Captain's office. "Nothing else would bring that bird up here."

So the clerk, for one, was prepared for the whisper that went around when the captain sent out to see if there was any record in a certain name. And that whisper was:

"It's another Dorothy Arnold Case!"

INSIDE the big room where it might be said that one can feel and hear the pulse beats of the warm heart of the New York Police Department, Captain Raye before long sensed in Judge Varney's manner something that had not been expressed in his speech.

"When you came here, Judge, you didn't expect any real help from us, did you?" was his blunt broadside after the Judge had outlined his story.

Judge Varney's face changed slowly, as if reluctantly, from benign condescension to a blank expression that had a hint of amazement in it. Many years had passed since he had been rounded up so shortly.

"I came for her father's and mother's sake—in order to do everything possible."

"Precisely, but you didn't think we could do anything—you didn't really want us to, did you?" came back the relentless question.

Judge Varney was far too experienced a man, much too wise in human nature to attempt to wriggle out when he was caught.

"Captain, if you read other people as quickly as you do me, I can tell why you are where you are. Frankly, you were correct in saying I hadn't much hope—two detective agencies have failed utterly. Besides, I was acting partly on the advice of an expert who has long served me.

"Also, I didn't like the idea of police activity—a girl so fine strung and so wonderful in her character and her accomplishments—the effect might be disastrous—to say nothing of other important reasons."

A Change of Mind

"Judge," Captain Raye broke in, "The Missing Persons Bureau doesn't want to mix in where it is not wanted. We have plenty to do where our help is welcome and needed. In this case, the young woman, being twenty-three, is a free agent. So we have no legal call in the case in view of the fact that you feel she went of her own free will."

"You didn't let me finish," the Judge interrupted. "I was about to say that I have been here probably fifteen minutes, but in that time I have seen enough to make me change my mind about police help.

"I heard a lieutenant, I think it was, giving instructions over the phone to four men who evidently reported on a case and he gave each of them a definite job in searching for a missing old man and told them not to leave any stone unturned to find him before his wife should die from the shock of his disappearance.

"Then, as I came in here, the girl who passed me going out said to an officer, 'I never had a man talk to me like that before. I'll pray for him, same as my father.'"

Though he waved his hand in deprecation the captain flushed with pleasure. Work in the Missing Persons Bureau has its compensations as well as its heartaches.

"And if you'll remember, Captain, you were just giving some instructions to two of your men. I don't know just what it was about. but I heard you say that it had taken you two weeks to find the man upstate with some trollop, and that you had managed to so smooth over the affair that his home was not to be broken up.

But Little Prepared

"I had had little preparation for this morning's revelation of your warm heartedness, your willingness to go the limit to help those in distress and your chivalric care for women.

"Today I have a new idea of the police as a shield—not a club. My apology is a heartfelt one. Let's work together to see if we can restore Helen to her parents before Christmas.

"Her brother will be back from college for vacation then and, if she isn't there, they won't be able to hide the trouble from him as they have so far. He idolizes Helen and it will be an additional tragedy if he does not find her home."

"There's one thing to remember, too. Though Helen

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may have erred in judgment in vanishing so, there can be nothing wrong about it—that's impossible.

Captain Raye, repository of a thousand secrets involving precious reputations, smiled receptively. He said only: "That thought hadn't come to me. But I have been thinking of what people might say about a girl's escapade."

"We have two weeks," went on Captain Raye, "and that's not long in such a baffling case as this. It will be a Merry Christmas for me also if we can succeed in that time."

"We would seem in this case to face a blank wall—a high and wide wall. It is for us to get under or over or around it. We may have to go right through it with high explosive. So let's have all the facts."

"You Didn't Really Expect Any Help From Us, Did You, Judge?"

As If Into the Earth

THE facts were pitiably meagre. Helen Edeson, beautiful beyond the ordinary—so much so as to be remarked on the street—popular in a large social set in Jersey and besieged by admirers, had come to Manhattan from Montclair on December 2 and had vanished.

Trace of her there was none beyond the fact that a friend had seen her standing near the southeast corner of Fulton and Greenwich streets about eleven o'clock in the morning. The friend had stepped out of a building on the corner and had started east when he came upon Miss Helen on the Fulton Street sidewalk.

"And there she vanished as if the earth had swallowed her," said Judge Varney.

"That's a thought," said Captain Raye. "The west side subway stairs were right ahead of her. The earth might really have swallowed her. She wouldn't have ridden just to Rector Street—you say it was a pleasant day. So she might have gone to Bowling Green—or Brooklyn. She know anybody in Brooklyn?"

"Oh, yes, some girl and boy friends. They have all been telephoned to or seen, except one of them who is out of town. None of them had seen her lately and she never was closely associated with any of them, so there is no reason to question their denials. The other girl might be of interest, however, because Helen mentioned to her mother about a week before she vanished that she had met Eugenie Reardon on the street and that Eugenie was then on her way to Lake Placid for the winter sports.

" 'She wanted me to join her up there,' Helen said, 'but I told her I couldn't until after Christmas, but that Bub'—that's her brother who's coming home—'and I might run up for the holidays. I'd like to have gone with her.' "

"Can we get Miss Reardon's address at Placid?"

"Why—I think so. You think she might know something?"

"Well, unless you know of some other place Miss Helen has been known to wish she could go, I'd say this girl is as likely to know something about her as any person. She must have had a yearning for the outdoors."

The Outdoors Girl

"Yearning? Why, she fairly lived outdoors," said Judge Varney. "There isn't any sport that calls for open air that Helen doesn't qualify in. And she just looks the part. You've seen pictures of winter sports girls—all rosy-cheeked and sparkling, with furs around them to set off their color—well, they're Helen."

"Brown hair and eyes," replied the Captain, "high color and no cosmetics. Big eyes, too, and a roguish look. Sharp cut, delicately outlined features. Curved mouth, with very red lips. Fine forehead, ears well-shaped and close to head. Hair long and heavy and curling softly around face—natural curl—that all correct as we have it here?"

"Yes."

"Why, she's a regular magazine cover girl."

"Captain, you must use telepathy. The fact is, there's a magazine on the stands now that has a face so much like hers that her family remarked on it. Even the fur and the hat are the gray colors she uses. Her mother told her when she saw it that she wished she had a real portrait of Helen in color and Helen said she herself meant to paint one for her some day."

"When can I see her mother?"

"She's almost prostrated—keeps to her room most of the time, but I can arrange for you to see her. Helen's

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Turning Pirates Into Police

To Organize a Moro Constabulary the Americans Had to Reverse the Habits of a People

By General J. G. Harbord

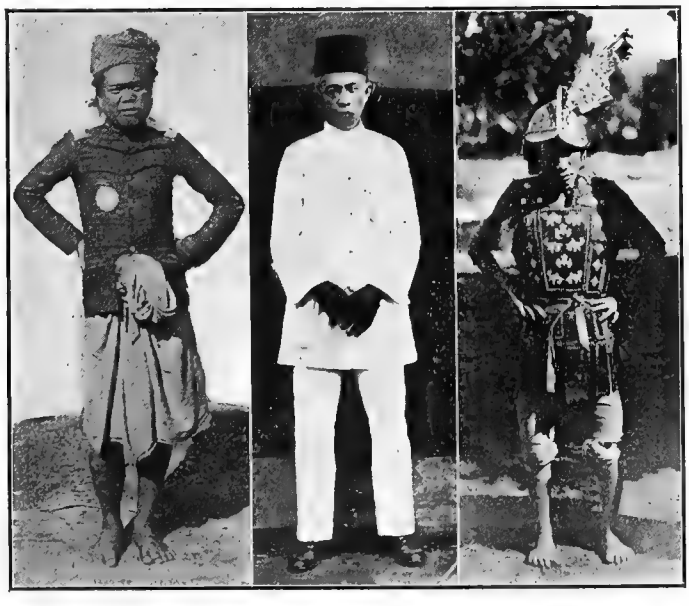
AFTER the end of the insurrection in the Philippines the Islands were full of armed bands composed of men who in the long period of war had become separated from their usual ways of making their living and also had intensified their dislike for real work, a feeling always strong among people in the Tropics. These bands proceeded to "carry on" in a modified form of brigandage. Organized in bands varying from half a dozen up to several hundred each, these men wore such uniforms as the Insurrecto soldiers had worn, and often affected something of a military organization.

Generally, these outfits gave their activities a political tinge, such as styling one of their members the President of the Philippine Republic or the Governor of the Province in which they happened to be operating. They had rubber stamps made and issued edicts and decrees, but the real purpose was plunder and making a living on the community.

To meet this situation, which could not be handled properly by American soldiers under the newly instituted civil government, the Philippine Constabulary was organized. Under the law of its organization, each member of the Philippine Constabulary was a Peace Officer, empowered to serve warrants, make investigations, to disperse unlawful assemblages, and generally to repress sedition and outlawry wherever he found it.

While given the status of Peace Officers as individuals, the training of these men, who, in the enlisted grades were exclusively natives, was military. The officers at first were, practically all, former officers and soldiers of the American Volunteers who had elected to remain and try their fortune in the new possessions.

The Constabulary was given an attractive uniform; an officer of the Army was selected as Chief, with



Typical Moro Datos on Right and Left, with the Famous Sultan of Sulu in Middle

A Shining Career

THE colorful Moro Constabulary episode that General Harbord tells of here is but a small part of the romance of his career. His rise from a farmer's boy to the position of Chief of Staff in the army in France is an inspiring story of American grit and enterprise overcoming great obstacles.

James Guthrie Harbord was graduated from Kansas Agricultural College in 1885. He wished to go to West Point but a chum won the local appointment. Yet Harbord, after working as a telegrapher for a time, fought his way to a commission in the army and was a lieutenant one year before the chum left West Point. Young Harbord enlisted in 1889 and was made an officer in 1891. He made a study of military science and became an authority on the subject and gold medalist of the Military Service Institution.

After cavalry service in the west General Harbord went to Cuba in the Spanish War, becoming a major of volunteers. He remained under Wood in the reconstruction era. He was twelve years in the Philippines, principally as assistant to the Chief of Constabulary. Returning here in 1914 he served in the Mexican patrol then went to the Army War College, being graduated in 1917.

Almost immediately he went to France on the general staff, soon rising to its command. In 1918 he took command of the Marine Brigade in the Second Division and his leadership at Belleau Wood caused France to christen that forest "The Wood of the American Marines." That is his mark on the map of France.

He was made Major General commanding the Second Division and led it in several battles, notably that of Soissons. He commanded the Service of Supply for a time and again became Chief of Staff near the end of the war. He was highly honored by America and all the Allies for these services.

After managing the Armenian relief work in 1919 he returned to this country to serve on Pershing's staff and was made second in command of the Army of the United States, and at times Acting Commander.

He resigned to utilize his organizing talents in the post of president of the Radio Corporation of America.

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headquarters in Manila, and organization by provinces was made, allotting so many officers and men to each of the provinces in the Islands, which then numbered about forty.

Grades of Officers

The Commanding Officer in each province was called the Senior Inspector. The other officers were Captains, Lieutenants and Sub-Inspectors. The Sub-Inspector grade was reserved for deserving native non-commissioned officers, who were thus raised slightly above the enlisted grade. From this grade were selected promotions of native officers to be made Lieutenants and eventually to reach higher grades.

In 1903 our Congress passed an Act by which not to exceed five officers of the Regular Army could be detailed as Chief and Assistant Chiefs of the Philippine Constabulary, and who would have, while so serving, the rank, pay and allowances of Brigadier General for the Chief, and Colonel for the Assistant Chiefs of Constabulary. The Islands were divided into five districts, and a Colonel was assigned to command each one of them. In time, the grades of Major, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel were added to the grades of the Constabulary officers, besides the Chiefs detailed from the Army.

The writer was detailed as an Assistant Chief of Constabulary in August, 1903, and assigned to organize the constabulary of the five provinces which constituted Mindanao and the Sulu Islands, reaching nearly down to Borneo.

The population of the two Christian provinces in Mindanao were of the ordinary type of Filipino who

Gen. J. G. Harbord

A Man-Hunt on Sea and Land

ONE of the bizarre episodes with which General Harbord had to deal as commander of the Moro Constabulary was one in which some of the constabulary including American officers, reverted to the primitive. They reversed the general course of things in Mindanao, and transformed themselves from police into pirates.

Leaving a lonely post on the coast these renegades first cut the cable that was their sole telegraphic communication with Manila, and then seized a small Spanish freighter that was lying at a dock. Having first taken several Spanish civil prisoners from the local jail, they compelled these Spanish ex-convicts and the crew of the steamer to navigate it for them.

They raised the black flag and attacked many ships in the Sulu Sea. The treatment of the crew and the Spaniards by the outlaws was so outrageous that one of the ex-prisoners preferred prison to life on the ship. He escaped when they landed for water and made his way in a ten-day trip through wild jungle to an American outpost.

American and British gunboats were immediately sent out in pursuit of the outlaws. So it came about that while running under a full head of steam to escape the gunboats the captain of the freighter purposely ran her on a shoal. He then opened the seacocks. In revenge the pirates killed several of the crew—thus adding to a list of murders that they had begun when capturing vessels at sea.

The renegades were captured after a hunt through the wilderness, several of them were killed and the others were given the severe sentence of 20 years in a Philippine penitentiary.

It was also in General Harbord's time in Mindanao that a cure was found for the Juramentados. These were Mohammedan fanatics who started out to earn a place in Heaven by killing a Christian and being killed in turn.

For a long time no method was found for stopping these religious fanatics. Then some bright mind applied the principle that caused the Great Indian Mutiny.

It was announced that all Juramentados killed would be buried in close contact with the carcass of a pig. This meant to Mohammedans that they would go to the lower regions instead of to the arms of the Houris, as they had fondly planned. Two or three executions of this plan were sufficient to put a stop to this style of outbreak.

The Americans had by this simple device changed the fancied destination of the traveler into the other world from the upper regions of the blessed to the lower regions of the damned. Soon the Juramentados were no more.

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had engaged in the insurrection. They were nominal Christians, having been converted by the Catholic Fathers during the long dominion of Spain; but the great bulk of the natives in the remainder of the district were Moros.

These were people identical in blood with the rest of the natives of the Philippines but followers of the Mohammedan religion, which meant plural marriages, a distant allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey as the Caliph, and some immediate allegiance to various priests and heads of the local Mohammedan hierarchy.

These people were antagonistic to the natives of the Northern Islands, had from time immemorial practiced piracy among the Sulu Islands. Each year for generations they had manned their big vintas and gone north with the favoring winds of the Southwest Monsoon to raid Christian settlements in the Visayan Islands and some times even farther north than Manila, plundering, burning and carrying off women and children as captives.

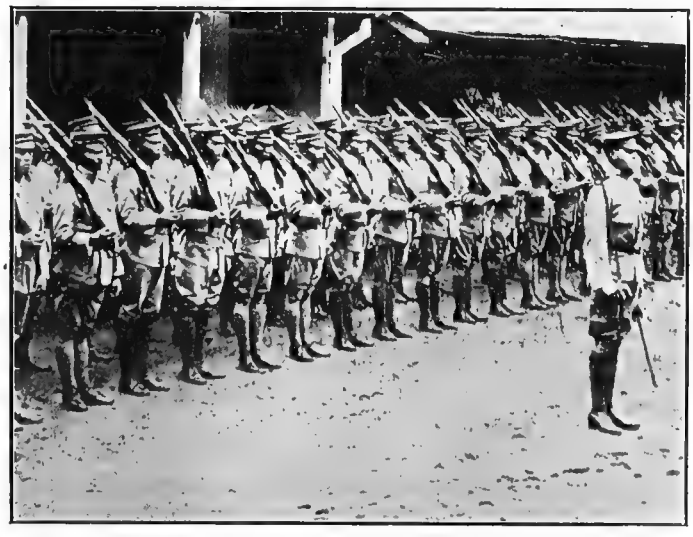
The Surplus Wives

The women taken in such raids were always distributed among the chiefs or the leading Moros, to whom they became additional wives, and their children, no matter what the blood or the religion of the mothers, were brought up as real Moros and practical Mohammedans.

The Spaniards had never been able to subdue the Moros although they had military stations in several provinces in Mindanao and on the Island of Jolo. Actually, all that region was actively engaged in rioting, marauding, chiefs fighting among themselves. The people were actuated by only the one common interest, that of hatred for and a desire to kill and plunder Christians.

It was from men of this sort that I was expected to create the Moro Constabulary, making out of them Peace Officers who would maintain law among their own tribesmen and would in time become amenable to the military discipline of the Constabulary. Naturally one of the early problems was to secure voluntary enlistments from these people.

The Moro chiefs were called Datos, Panglimas, Sultans, etc. No common Moro dared enlist without the consent of his chief, and they were all obsessed with the idea that probably one of the first things we would



Filipino Constabulary—The Moros Wore This Uniform Without the Shoes and with Fezzes in Place of Caps

A Moro Chief of the Dato Ali Type, with Retinue

compel them to do would be to eat bacon or some other product of the hog, which has been regarded by Moslems from time immemorial as unclean. To eat pork is, of course, absolutely against the teaching of the Koran. Their objections applied not only to meat, but to all forms of food in the cooking of which grease or lard figured in any way.

Fine-Appearing Fezzes

Another problem was in the matter of uniform. No Mohammedan ever wears a hat with a rim or a cap with a visor, because three times at least each day the Mohammedan must bow to the ground and touch his forehead in prayer, and he cannot do this if he wears a hat rim or a stiff visor cap.

It was necessary, therefore, to order a large number of red fezzes, which we got by contract from Singapore. When we finally got one for each man our Moro Constables looked very well when paraded in these brilliant red fezzes. Unfortunately, during the first rainstorm the color ran and their neat khaki uniforms were badly streaked with red.

As to the enlistments, it practically worked out that we would go to a chief and tell him our difficulties in securing volunteer enlistments. Then if we succeeded in selling him the idea he would ask us how many men we wanted and he would order that number of his henchmen to enlist. We recruited the Constabulary very largely in that manner, and it next became a question of balancing the allegiance which these recruits owed to the Government and to their officers, as against their allegiance to their chief—especially in cases in which there came to be a difference of opinion between the two authorities.

Another thing in the matter of uniforms was the question of shoes. No Moro had ever worn a shoe. His feet were flat, widely spread and his great toe so well developed that he was able to pick up things with it from the ground. I have sometimes seen Moros remove cigarettes from their mouths and place them between two toes in order to attend to something else with their hands.

This meant there was no Moro foot that could be fitted by any shoe available to us, or that could endure the pain that would result from his being shod. The

(*Continued on page* 53)

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The Sheik's Ring

A Tale of East and West

By JULIAN F. RHODES
First Precinct, Manhattan

The Harem Woman Fluttered Back to the Linen Merchant's Booth for the Third Time

SUN-DRENCHED bazaars of Suez, famed dividing-point of East and West.

Little shop-booths divided into sharp-cut wedges of brilliant sun and deep shade.

Women of the people and women from the harems moving flutteringly.

Black eyes glancing actively about above the beauty-hiding yashmaks as the harem women drink in avidly this world of which they know so little.

One of them, escorted by a Bedouin guard, flutters for the third time within a few minutes back into the mass of shade that darkens a cubicle occupied by a vendor of linens.

The burnoosed dealer in cloths sits inattentive at the corner drinking in the warm sunshine where its yellow slant falls athwart the wall. He gossips with the Bedouin guard.

The sweets that draw the flutterer, it seems, are at the booth—there in the dark shade.

The linen merchant's clerk is shy. He keeps to the shadow. He is merely a slim brown shape there in the darkness—waiting in the shadow. But his eyes—those two bright white spots—they speak eagerness, expectancy.

The fluttering brown hand of the harem-woman reaches out for a piece of soft-dyed linen. A greater brown hand clasps it, suddenly, feverishly. The little pink-palmed hand returns the pressure—then flashes away. The Bedouin at the corner has stirred in his converse with the seller of linens.

A second more and the guarded flutterer is gone! But not until the impenetrable yashmak has slipped a little and a dusky cheek, a sharp little nose and a pouting mouth have been part revealed there in the quarter light. As the clerk contemplates these vanished charms he feels himself one great yearning.

A common enough tale, say you?

Yet that is the beginning of great happenings—a beginning in Suez, famous dividing point of East and West.

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SPRING along the Mohawk Valley. Soft odors of hickory smoke and fine herbs and sugary things floating as ever in the little town of Canajoharie.

Beyond the town the fresh countryside bears the brooding scents of fresh-tilled earth and upspringing green things.

There a farmer's little boy stands idly by a picket fence, wishing an auto would flash by. Anything for a bit of excitement.

And excitement ensues—pitifully enough.

That is the beginning of the second part—

WHAT is there to link the odalisque of old-world Suez and the barefoot boy idly playing before a new world farmhouse? Why, a link of gold.

What is there to connect these two? Why, Death, the great embracer of all things and all men! Sudden vanishings and deaths of the two form a sequence that is to shake the curtains of Oriental-Occidental dwelling places and agitate many men of power.

A world apart in their lives, these two who never heard of each other are yet to come together in a certain chronicle. In a tale in which men in blue uniforms enact a Life that outdoes the best efforts of Fiction.

Wonder of wonders, the little harem-woman—though long dead and by most forgotten—is to the avenger of the barefoot lad of upstate.

Also grim old Death, taking his third toll, is to wipe out a double score.

The Sheik Ali

THE Sheik Ali, temporarily domiciled in Suez, encased his wives, including his pet girl-bride, in a town harem for the first time. They who had been used to the freedom of the desert and to the nomad life in the great black horsehair tents, were irked by the confinement.

The older women of his harem the Sheik Ali permitted to go about the fascinating bazaars freely, insisting only that their yashmaks be secure. But the girl wife, his latest treasure! She must go a-shopping only when a man of the tribe could go as watchman over her.

In that America with which fate was to interweave her destiny this girl of sixteen might have been in high school. A pert, wilful miss, she probably would have been in trouble with her principal. But in Suez she was in silent rebellion against the chains of her parent-arranged marriage.

What wonder then that the caress in a pair of ardent, youthful eyes stirred her pulses. Only a linen-monger's clerk—but he was young! The Sheik Ali—he was white of beard—a Methusaleh in her eyes.

The rest is a well-worn story. The vender of linens bowed low before the recurrent buyer who dispensed the Sheik Ali's funds—and left her to his clerk's wiles. The Bedouin gave little heed to what passed.

Youth does not long stay its feet. Warm caresses followed fast after that first touch of hands. Then a rendezvous was kept by the girl-bride only at the cost of sharp peril in escaping the house of the Sheik Ali.

The Sheik Ali, though tottering of step, was neither a fool nor a sleepy-head. Presently he was asking himself where was the ring?—that curious guardian ring of gold that he had put on the finger of this newest of his treasures? Where? Surely she wore it not.

A watch was set: suspicions crystallized into facts. That night the linen vender's clerk, holding post at a rendezvous, saw the girl-wife approach. The chill of evening was in his bones—but was it that which made him shiver. Or was it a furtive shadow creeping toward him—then a second one. Other shadows leaped to the side of the girl—In a trice she vanished.

The linen clerk knew his East. A glance at the charmed ring showed him two baleful green eyes that seemed to glitter portentously. Vision of a girl-bride already at death's door because of love for him came to him. Quickly he vanished into the moon's black shadows. Vanished with the ring the little harem-woman had given to him as his safeguard.

Two hours later a furtive figure slipped into the hold of a great liner that was halted momentarily at Suez on the last leg of a round-the-world-cruise—the trip to New York. The linen-merchant's clerk had been quick to think, quick to act.

So the waters of Suez closed metaphorically over the head of the linen clerk. As the actual waters of the Canal had closed already over the bagged body of the girl-bride.

THE scene shifts back to that little farm home beside the state road just outside of Canajoharie. There little Johnny O'Neill, six-year-old farmer's boy, had left his alphabet blocks on the dining-room floor and had run out to the fence for the passing auto that might bring a little stir into his tame existence.

An hour later Johnny O'Neill was missing. He had vanished mysteriously and completely—even as had the dark-skinned girl who had been a sheik's wife. Wide apart are Suez and Canajoharie in character as well as in miles. Yet these two vanishings—despite their difference in detail—were linked.

In the late afternoon the O'Neill family, seeking help to find Johnny, called out many of their neighbors. Resolute beating of the meadows and woods in the neighborhood through the sunset hours failed to uncover a trace of the lad. It was dark evening before the countryside was really alarmed by the boy's continued absence.

So the neighbors turned out with lanterns, each party carrying a tin horn to blow as a signal when the boy should be found. Nobody doubted for an instant that he would be picked up before many hours had gone by.

But no sound of horns stirred the deep stillness of the hills that night. The search parties of farmers, all unaccustomed to midnight sorties, grew sleepy as the night wore on and gradually gave up the search. It was resumed full force at daybreak and was continued with fitful bursts of energy for a day or two, but no clew of what had happened to little Johnny was found until spring had turned into summer and red-tipped hilltops were appearing as the advance agents of a glowing hill-country autumn.

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Then came solution of the mystery—a solution that was long to furnish a subject for cracker-barrel discussion in the small towns thereabout. The neighbors had long since abandoned hope for Johnny, and even the boy's family had ceased to search for him. Just one man had kept up an unremitting hunt—had never ceased working on the case. William G. Ganding was Canajoharie's chief of police, and he, in pursuance of duty, had continuously sought the boy from the day of his disappearance.

On an autumn hunting morn he walked from Canajoharie toward Palatine Bridge, and along the road that passed the O'Neill home. Accompanying him were his two hounds, eager for scent of rabbit or woodchuck. Nosing about the woods at one side of the road they suddenly gave tongue near the edge of a dense undergrowth.

Thinking a hunt might be on Ganding hurried to them and found them scratching earth and leaves from a mound that he supposed marked the lair of some woods animal. There was, however, to be no rush of hunted quarry that day. For the mound was the hastily-made grave of Johnny O'Neill.

Has Level Head

A level-headed man was this rural Chief of Police. He realized that he had not had the training and experience necessary if all the clews that now might be discovered were to be properly estimated, so he devoted his first efforts to making sure that nothing about the little body should be disturbed. He tied his hounds to a tree at a distance and himself remained on guard at the grave until he could call a passerby from the highroad and send a messenger for the district attorney.

The prosecutor received the word about noon, and in turn sent at once for the state constabulary. Rural Police Chief and County Prosecutor had in an emergency such as was entirely new to both of them, followed the best course that could possibly have been pursued.

There was little that could be learned from the tiny body. Fully dressed in the clothing the boy had worn when last seen, it lay, not in an actual grave, but in a depression of the ground where it had been heaped over with rubbish and earth. No bones had been broken and the exact cause of a wound in the head was not apparent—because of the long time that had elapsed since the boy's death.

The Bizarre Evidence

At this point Chief Ganding uncovered a bizarre bit of evidence that at first completely nonplussed these rural investigators—as it might have nonplussed the greatest of detectives. There lay under the body a parcel of children's underclothing. Eight complete suits of such cotton underwear as Johnny himself might have worn. These were all new apparently and their presence with the little slain child—for there could be no doubt that he had been murdered—could not be explained.

Chief of Police Ganding, as has been said, was a practical minded man. So was State Constabulary Sergeant MacArthur who took the case in charge. He came to the very sensible conclusion that if the person who purchased that underwear could be traced the other questions that so puzzled him and his fellow investigators would answer themselves. Therefore he took up the chase on those lines of patient investigation that for so many years have served all police in all lands as their best aids in solving crime.

Nellie Blaine Was Alarmed by the Peddler's Appearance

The seeker after romance in the work of the detective will find naught of it in this particular phase of the investigation. There was no chance to employ the picturesque methods followed by the great detectives of fiction. Only plain every day hard work—the drudgery that brings results in police work as well as in farming and digging—was ahead.

Inch By Inch

Sergeant MacArthur began by inspecting the little suits of underwear inch by inch with a pocket magnifying glass. It was a tedious and laborious proceeding, as anyone can verify by merely attempting to examine carefully a new pocket handkerchief. If he does this he will probably find, as MacArthur did, a private mark, the manufacturer's mark on the fabric.

Once he had this mark MacArthur visited all the merchants in Palatine Bridge, Canajoharie and even more distant towns. He found not a trace of any cloth or underwear of this kind.

There was just one thing next to be done.

It was nothing less than making a house to house canvass throughout the neighboring communities to see if any person among those living in the district had any clew to the source of the underwear. And that is what two thorough men, Sergeant MacArthur and Chief Ganding, undertook between them.

It was a long time before they had any reward, yet

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their persistence did bring results, just as similar patient police work has in thousands of other cases. They succeeded in finding a girl of seventeen who gave them their first real clew. She was Nellie Blaine, daughter of a farmer, living on the same road as that on which the O'Neill house faced.

Several months before, she said, an Italian had called at the Blaine home offering for sale eight suits of children's underwear. He was so pressingly eager to sell them and the price was so low that he frightened her. She had felt there was something wrong about him, so she had slammed the door in his face.

Nellie Blaine had seen this man for a moment only but his queer behavior had made so sharp an impression on her mind that she was able to give to the officers a minute description of his appearance and clothing. As she put it, his picture was imprinted on her mind, there to stay for a long, long time.

She told of a red fez, dark hair, a slop suit of clothes, and long tooth-pick pointed shoes. She retained an especially distinct recollection of a peculiar ring that he wore on the third finger of his left hand. She gave an excellent description of the man's sharp featured, swarthy face.

Trace the Cloth

About this time the police learned through the manufacturer of the cotton cloth in the underclothing that the eight suits probably had been made in Boston. They wrote to the manufacturer only to be told that these children's garments were manufactured by the hundreds of thousands and sold to hundreds of jobbers throughout the United States. These men in turn sold them to a variety of customers whose number in the aggregate was so great that an attempt to trace them all would be like undertaking a census of the dry goods dealers in the United States. Energetic though the two policemen were, they were unable to go further along this trail.

While the men were working on this investigation one of them had an inspiration. Nellie Blaine had described the man as an "Italian peddler." Now all peddlers working in New York state must have licenses from Albany. To the capital therefore went the sergeant and the chief of police. These peddlers licenses were not very numerous so there was not much trouble in searching the records for Italian names. And just here they came a cropper, for they did not find a single Italian peddler.

It occurred to them, however, that to such a girl as Nellie Blaine any swarthy man with a foreign accent might be an "Italian." The two policemen decided that the man she had seen might have belonged to one of the swarthy Oriental races and started a hunt for a peddler of one of these nationalities.

They went direct to a section of Albany that is inhabited by Syrians, Armenians, Turks and others of the Near Eastern tribes. It is not a large district, for there are few Asiatics in Albany. They had little difficulty in finding a lodging house with a Syrian as landlord in which a room had been rented to several Arab peddlers. And one of the peddlers answered the description of the man they sought! Here was the first light on their long path.

But frustration again met them here—the peddlers had moved on and left no address.

A casual word of the landlord's, however, suddenly gave a fillip to the policemen's interest. He told them of many express packages that had been received by the peddlers! The package wrappings, he thought, were still in his cellar. Promptly the investigators dived underground, there to be dismayed by finding a cellar filled to the brim with paper and other rubbish.

To find a needle in a haystack is a perfectly simple proceeding, though tedious. All one has to do is to take the stack carefully apart, straw by straw. This was the method adopted by the two searchers. So eventually they found their particular "needle."

This was half of a torn shipping tag. It gave the name of the express company which had carried the parcel and the name of the man who had shipped it. The latter was a jobber in children's underwear and similar goods in Washington Street, New York City—the Arab and Syrian quarter.

These two up-state officers now had followed to their legitimate ends all the roads that opened to them. Even their pertinacity could take them no farther. Like relay racers they must now relinquish their task to others. They therefore forwarded their information to the New York City police in several great bulky envelopes—and left the outcome in the hands of the men of the metropolis.

Now one hears and reads a good deal that is intended for ridicule of "rube cops," and some of the fun-making is justified and some of it is not. But after many years' experience on the police force in the greatest city in the world I can say that I have not known of a better handled case than that which was carried through by Chief Ganding and Sergeant MacArthur of the State Police.

The Relay Men

MY partner, Kiernan and I, both operating in the New York Detective Bureau, were the relay men assigned to take up the chase. We started out fresh and eager with our bunch of good clews and confidently expected an early arrest. The jobber, whose name had been given to us, we found in the heart of the district inhabited almost entirely by Arabs. Our business was to discover an Arab customer of his who had sold children's underwear along the Albany road.

And right here at the start, we who had raced away from the starting line found ourselves brought down to the slow plod, plod of that same police treadmill that the upstate men had trod. It was to be no hare's race. Rather a tortoise's.

We interviewed the Syrian jobber and he proved to be a man possessed of a large and well-developed bump of self-preservation. His face, normally of the color of a rich Havana, turned to the ashen hue of that same cigar when burned as he called on Allah and the Prophet to witness that never in all his spotless life had he shipped any package of any description whatever to the vicinity of Albany.

At this point we had to turn to the express company which had carried the package. Its officials were very courteous. They turned us loose at once on a carload of their shipping records. And they promised that more carloads, carloads practically without end, would be forthcoming when we had finished the first one. But we had better luck than our predecessors had had, for we scarcely had gone over a hundredweight of

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these slips when we found one that made us jump for joy.

After the printed "Consigned to ———" was written the name that we were looking for—the same that had been missing from the shipping tag in Albany.

So we had the name—though no more. Hassan Hussein, the receipt read—but who was Hassan Hussein? We had no idea, yet we were greatly heartened. He had bought his goods in New York. Therefore we blithely thought that it would be easy to find the man. So back we went brimming with blind confidence, to Washington Street.

We began to make careful inquiries—and kept on making them. The whereabouts of Hassan Hussein was known, I believe to practically every man, woman and child to whom we spoke.

But all that we got out of them were shrugs of brown shoulders and shakes of curly heads. We were rank outsiders and of an accursed race. Besides, it is very rare that an Oriental will betray a fellow countryman into the hands of the American authorities. Kiernan and I had not known that before, but we learned it then in unforgettable fashion.

So there we were, literally at our wit's end. We were supposed to be effective members of the most efficient detective force in the world, yet here we were brought to a stand-still in running down a perfectly good clew given to us by a sergeant of the State Constabulary and a country Chief of Police. We were nonplussed, but we knew we just could not "fall down" on that job.

That Great Virtue

The special virtue that a successful detective must cultivate with all his might is the least exhilirating of all the virtues, namely, patience. If I have not already made this fact plain—as I have earnestly sought to do—the succeeding events may serve to impress the fact on the reader's mind.

Romance may be involved in the commission of a crime or even in the manner of its expiation. But the intermediate action that connects these possibly interesting phases of the case, consists almost without exception of dogged plugging at petty detail or sordid work with human tools that are necessary features in the policeman's business, but which might otherwise be considered too loathesome too approach. I refer specifically to those creatures of either sex who make a business of betraying for pay of one kind or another those who believe them to be friends—namely, the most despised implements of the police—"stool pigeons."

It was to one of these that I went in my desperation. She is still doing business at the old stand and therefore we will call her Mary, and let her go at that. The business in question was that of a riverside lodging house devoted to the less reputable sailors of her own faith—mostly Lascar, sailors who had deserted from British ships.

Mary had many failings in observing spiritual and governmental law, but there was one law—if only one—that Mary held sacred. It was the law of hospitality. She would double-cross a roomer without hesitation if it suited her purpose, but she would allow no knife to be inserted in the back of one who had broken bread and eaten salt with her.

I had been of service to Mary in times past, and she seemed glad to see me, yet it was solely as a safeguard for my life that I accepted her invitation to luncheon. Wrinkled and repulsive beyond description, with beady eyes set in a face that might belong to a fat snake—if there be such a thing—Mary sat on one side of a low table—I sat opposite.

Oh, Those Kababs

I have seldom undergone a greater ordeal. We ate with our fingers from one bowl filled with a mess of rice or something of the sort mixed with hunks of meat—"kababs" she called them. We drank from tiny brass cups, coffee that was like ink-black mud. We smoked tobacco that was equally black in a "narghileh."

All through the luncheon I kept trying to ascertain what Mary's mental attitude toward me was. I found she didn't trust me and didn't believe I had come simply for the pleasure of her company. Of course, she was an exception to the rule that Orientals are reluctant to betray one another to the Americans, but it seemed very likely that she was paid to be a friend of Hassan Hussein's. Now that was the sort of friendship that she would remain loyal to, I felt. Therefore, I decided it was my task to out-wit her. I knew it would be no easy job.

Mary was dressed in her best, wearing all her rings and necklaces, which were many. I took an interest in them, and after that it was easy to bring the conversation around to Eastern gems in general. This having been done I invented a little fairy-tale.

It was all about an imaginary acquaintance of mine, who was the owner of a ring that had been given to him by an Arab chief whose life he had saved when the chief was attacked by desert robbers. I repeated the description as it had been given by Nellie Blaine; the ring was of strands of gold woven into the form of a cobra, ready to spring. Its eyes of green jade were supposed to change color as the moods of its wearer varied.

I asked her if she ever had seen such a ring. She replied very coldly, that she had heard of them. They generally were heirlooms, she said, and were supposed to protect the wearer from harm. But she didn't believe there were any in this country, they were very rare.

Of course she was lying. I knew that, and I think that she knew I did. Also. I realized that there was nothing to be gained by staying longer, so I thanked her effusively for her hospitality and thankfully returned to the fresh outer air.

In a way I had failed, yet I was not in the least depressed; I did not feel that my failure was absolute. I was morally sure that Mary knew more than she was willing to tell, and this in itself meant a great deal, just then. This assurance was strengthened as I began to stroll down West Street, for I then became aware that someone was trailing me. It first surprised me, then pleased me. It is not ordinarily a cause for rejoicing, this being shadowed. But I was glad because it was patent that Mary would never go to the trouble of having this done without some strong reason.

Yet, at first, I was puzzled as to what was behind it. I wondered what course I should pursue. The most obvious thing to do was to tip a wink to the "harness-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Inside Famous Scotland Yard

What an American Police Committee Saw of the Workings of London's Great Detective Bureau

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton
Chairman, Foreign Police Commission, N. Y. Department

What the Foreign Police Commission of the New York Department found in the capitals of Europe will be told in Police Magazine.

This first article by the Commission's Chairman deals with the reception accorded the party in England, and specifically with the inside workings of Scotland Yard, famed the world around.

WE were ordered to go to Europe by Commissioner Enright for the benefit of the citizens of New York, not for our own pleasure. We were definitely told before we left New York that the trip was not to be a vacation-jaunt. We did not make it one.

Our group consisted of specialists. Inspector William T. Davis, in charge of Traffic, had been told to look into the foreign phases of that problem which is becoming so astonishingly puzzling in New York—traffic control; Acting Captain John A. Golden from the Bureau of Criminal Identification, had been instructed to give particular attention to criminal investigation; Lieutenant Frederick C. Kruse had been assigned to the investigation of records, archives, administration and executive procedure and to act as Secretary of the Commission. Acting as Chairman, I had been assigned to the study of the uniformed police, including equipment and training schools.

Commissioner Enright had thought that by intensive work during his own visit to London he, himself, would be able to look into all the various topics I have mentioned, but had very quickly realized that a complete view would need eight eyes instead of two.

It was fortunate for us, however, that he had preceded us, for he had had a bird's-eye view and was able to suggest the high spots of the various investigations which he wished us to make. In general our instructions were broad-gauge, being to obtain such information as would enable New York's police to give the citizens who pay them and depend upon them, the best police administration the metropolis ever has had. As a result, not one of us in all our lives had ever worked harder than we did on this swing around the European circle.

The London police, perhaps, found us a little too good at asking questions to be easy guests to entertain. They were hospitable and anxious to help us in every way, but they were busy. That they dropped their pressing business frequently, that they always handled us with courtesey, that we never could ask of them a favor which they were not glad to grant, places us and New York under a real debt of gratitude to them.

Before we left they told us good naturedly that they had not looked for just that kind of a visit. Commissions of policemen, they assured us, frequently had looked them over, but principally these had been sightseers. They had been received and dined, and shown the town and finally sent upon their way—delighted with their entertainment. But we Americans, it seemed, had no time for dining. As a matter of fact, Commissioner Enright's program had not mentioned dinners. We were on a job, not on a junket. All this astonished Scotland Yard, as from time to time, it astonished the police of Berlin, Vienna, Brussels and Rome.

Out of the Olden Days—London Policeman of 1840

Right here it is well to say that, although we had felt not quite sure that this would be the case, we found that everywhere in Europe New York's police are held in high esteem and that Commissioner Enright is regarded as the most powerful individual force working toward a competent world-co-operation of police effort.

His action in originating the International Police Conference has been the cause of far more general and profound appreciation than even we had dreamed. On

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every side we were assured that general co-operation of the world's police, which had been instituted by Commissioner Enright, which is now in process of accomplishment and of which our journey was an evidence, is the greatest thing that can be achieved toward solving the police problems in any country. Europe's police are agreed that under modern travel conditions such police co-operation has become imperative.

Kruse and Golden were assigned to study the Criminal Investigation Department of England's famous police institution, Scotland Yard—by all odds the most celebrated Police Headquarters in the world, and, indeed, far more than the headquarters of the London Police, since the London Police have country-wide powers and influence. All police in England, Scotland and Wales are under the Home Office, England's Department of the Interior.

The Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard has upon its roster eight hundred detectives. Connected with New York's Police Department is a slightly larger number. But London's detectives are in smaller proportion to their uniformed force than are ours. In New York we have 12,500 men, including 850 detectives, and in London they have 800 detectives and 21,846 uniformed men.

As we of the New York Police, visiting there in London and looking the situation over with professional eyes, began to realize the truth about the comparative

(*Continued on page* 38)

A London "Bobby" in Uniform

Commissioner Sir William Horwood

The Personal Impression

General Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of the London police, impressed us all as one of the great police commanders of the world. As head of the British Constabulary he is, of course, an outstanding police figure. I have seldom seen a man who had a greater command of the details of his force than has this mild-mannered head of Britain's guardians of the peace.

Commissioner Horwood expressed himself as very anxious to effect even closer co-operation than exists today with the police of the United States and said to me:

"I have emphatically told our men to go to any lengths to make co-operation with the New York and other departments absolutely successful. Our office is open at all times for information needed by the police of New York or any other city.

"On the other hand, I know that when we send to New York for information we always receive prompt action. Your department evidently is anxious to keep in touch with us, for we constantly receive evidence that our requests are not laid aside for convenience, but are put through immediately.

"I firmly believe co-operation is essential to both of us, as I look on the two cities, New York and London, as very much alike except in the matter of customs.

"We can do more to diminish crime by working together than in any other way."

Every important case in London is put in the form of a condensed report to go directly to Commissioner Horwood's desk. He thereby keeps himself thoroughly informed at all times on all salient matters. He very frequently sends for the men in charge of these various cases and takes them up briefly with them. In so attending to the manifold developments of police work in London, he is a marvel of efficiency.

Only Commissioner Horwood can assign men from the Special Squad at Scotland Yard to aid the police of Provincial England in the cases that come up in their bailiwicks. He therefore is in close personal touch with criminal developments throughout the nation. He invariably sends men when they are asked for, he told me.

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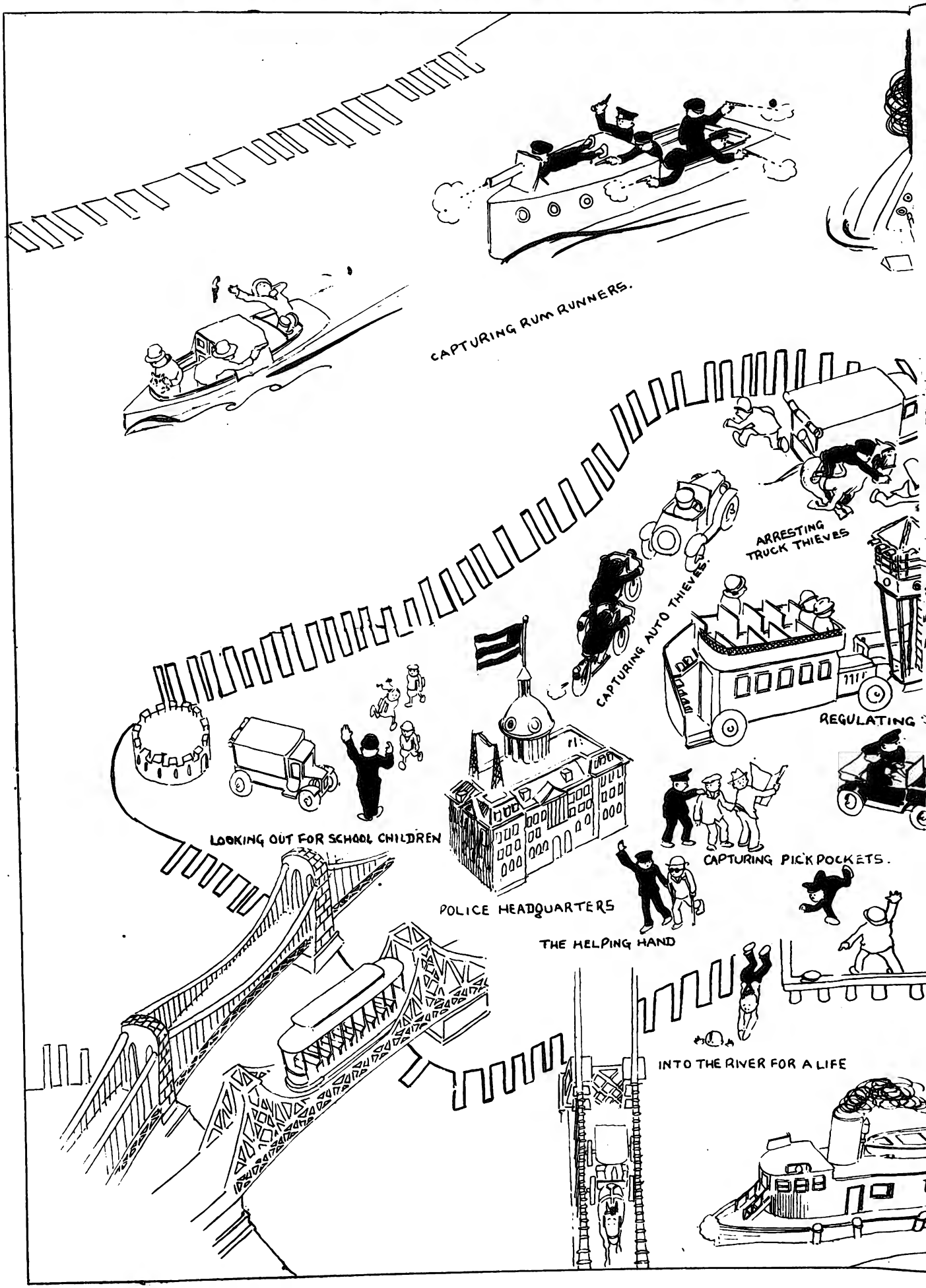
Cartoonist Shanks Takes An Airplane I



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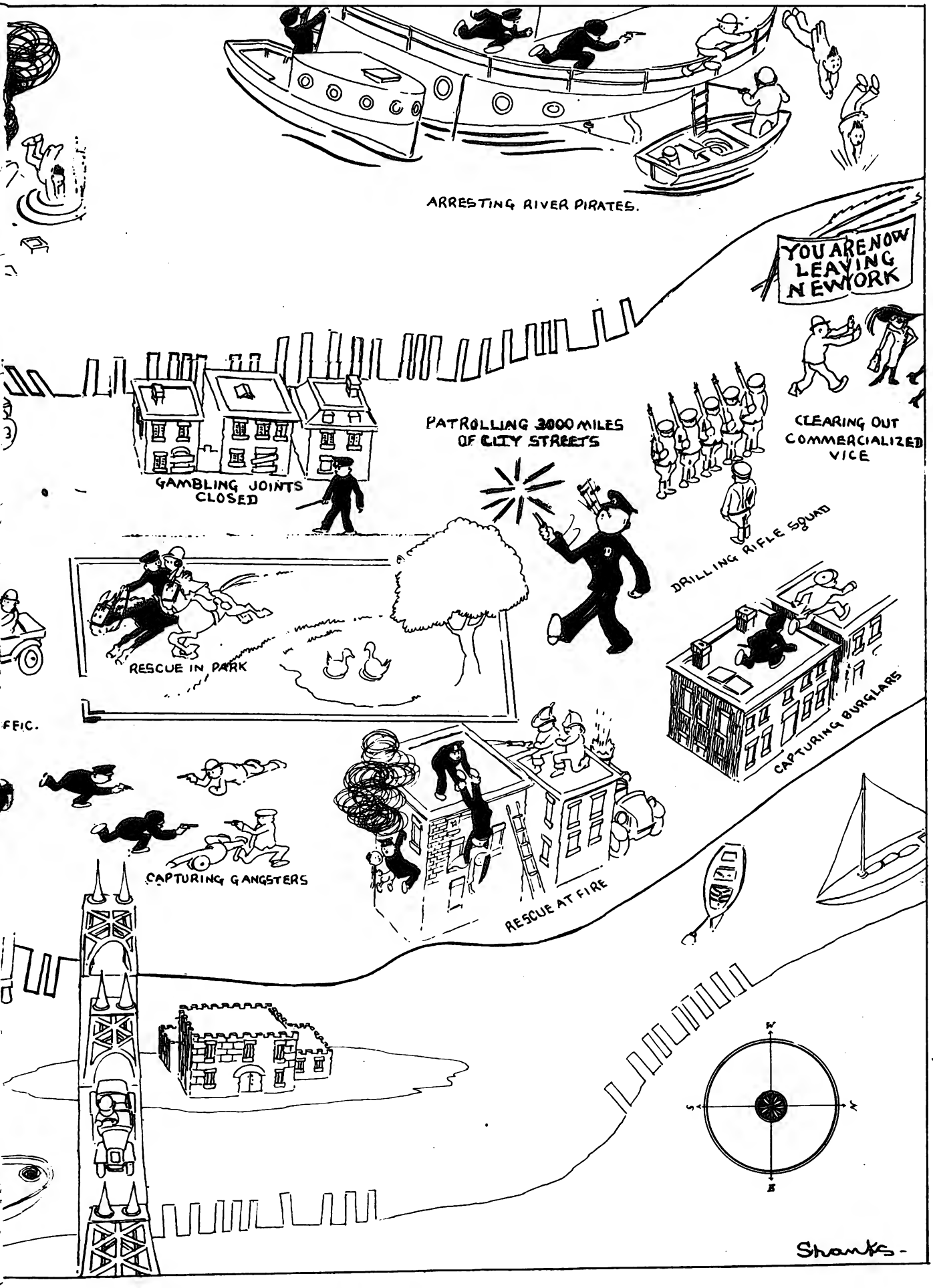
ep at the Doings of New York's Finest



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Cops Who Shine

By Walter St. Denis, Famous Sports Authority

A FINE broth of a boy was John Flanagan, twenty-four years ago. He was startling the whole athletic world with his distant heaves of the 16-pound hammer, and it was but natural that he should be chosen to represent his adopted country, America, in the Olympic games at Paris in 1900.

That selection caused a thrill to run clear through the police department of the greatest city in the world, little Old New York, for the very simple reason that this same record-breaking John Flanagan was a member of Father Knickerbocker's police force. Also the first of its members to be so highly honored.

When the day arrived for the big games over in Europe's liveliest city, that day in which the big men of the entire world were to meet in competition for the weight-throwing laurels—it was but natural that all other competitions should be forgotten by the thousands of men here who wore the dark blue of the police.

Naturally therefore when the cables clicked the news that Patrolman John Flanagan of New York had beaten the world's best men in the 16-pound hammer throw, and had created an Olympic record of 167 feet, 4 inches, the enthusiasm of New York's policemen knew no bounds. They almost lighted bonfires to celebrate the occasion.

It was the birth of a new era for the New York force. Policemen who had been satisfied to reserve their strength for their work, were stirred with a new ambition. They soon sought to emulate the great Flanagan. General athletic activity was resumed by many members of the force. Prominent among them being those who pointed themselves toward the next Olympic team.

It was a tough self-imposed task that these aspirants for Olympic honors undertook, for they did not have the time that other would-be athletes had for perfecting their form. But persistence prevailed and the four years which passed before the holding of the next Olympiad saw many police athletes rise to national prominence. Few were the meets held anywhere that did not embrace entries by some of Father Knickerbocker's boys in blue. Each success gave new inspiration and meet by meet there developed in the Metropolitan police a class of men who helped materially in insuring Uncle Sam supremacy on the field of athletics.

Photo Copyright Underwood & Underwood

Pat McDonald Throwing the Hammer for the Honor of the Force

Martin Sheridan, Whose Olympic Record Still Stands Though He Has Passed Away

It's history now—the tale of the achievements by men of the police who did a little more than their share in winning world athletic laurels for America in competition with the greatest men of all Europe, yes, and even Africa.

Names of policemen enrolled in the hall of athletic fame will glisten forth for the ages to come. Never will the name of Martin Sheridan be erased from the monument of the famous! Great ones will come and go, but the name of that great Celt must live forever. His fame must endure there, for he has passed on.

Inspired by the feats of John Flanagan, Martin burst into fame in the years just before 1904, when the third revival of the ancient Greek games was held in St. Louis. Although an all-around athlete and a man who was destined to become America's all-around champion, Martin adopted as his specialty a sport that was rare enough here but had been held almost sacred by the Greeks—the throwing of the discus.

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as Olympic Stars

A Stirring Police Games Race

Before that in 1900 a Hungarian had won the world's discus championship at Paris. But the international situation was to be greatly changed in 1904, for by then the star of Martin Sheridan was in the ascendant. He was picked as America's representative.

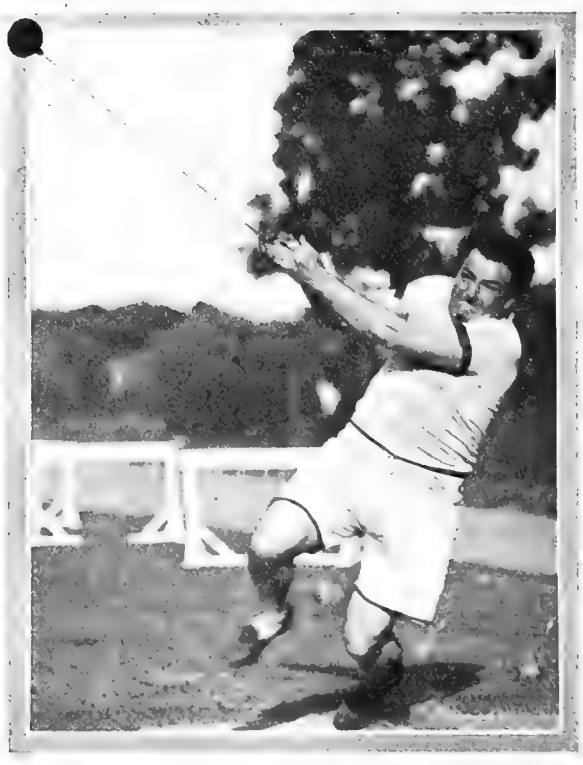
The choice of Sheridan proved a very happy one. Instead of winning by the few points the experts allowed him, he startled the world with a victory in which he threw the discus ten feet farther than did the winner of 1900. The mark was thus set at 128 feet, 10½ inches. And that feat, together with the repeating of John Flanagan in the hammer event, insured America another victory in the old sport carnival.

Now the interest rose higher than ever. More than ever did the other thousands of members of "the Finest" endeavor to follow in the footsteps of the two great Irish sons of Uncle Sam. More cops, particularly the big fellows, began to strive with might and main to attain that perfection which would earn them a place on American Olympic teams. Many made the 1906 team, but when the games were held in Athens, two years after the St. Louis carnival, it was the immortal Sheridan who was the outstanding hero. There was no 16-pound hammer throw in that set of games, but the breach in America's prospects that was caused by this arrangement was made up for by dear old Martin.

He again won the discus throw in that meet, this time throwing the saucer-shaped missile 136 feet and a third of an inch. Then going into the shot-put he hoisted the weight far ahead of all other competitors and won new glories for America and for the department. Other points for placed positions fell his way, and it is history now that the points he scored were just enough to keep America in front of all the world in athletic competition, in a meet that was very close.

These performances were such as made the athletic world open its eyes in wonder. What sort of a man must this fellow Sheridan be, who could do what no other athlete had ever done in the way of all-around scoring—particularly when he was pitted against the best of all nations?

Dinners and receptions were arranged by the roy-



John Flanagan, Mighty Thrower of the Hammer, Puts His Heart in It

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alty of the foreign lands to hail this new hero, but Martin, a bashful, unassuming fellow, who did not like such adoration, ignored most of the invitations. Still the admiration he excited reflected glory and honor on the great police department of New York, and all its individual members.

Orville Wanzer, Who Will Surely Be on This Year's Team

Sheridan's victory made it seem certain that there never would be another Olympic team that would not have New York policemen as members. The department had established the fact that it could produce men worthy of being logical competitors for teams to strive against the world's best.

The department's more recent achievements through such wonderful men as Simon Gillies, Matt McGrath and Pat McDonald on the Olympic fields of all lands, the feats of Jack Eller in the hurdles, and the running of the original "Flying Cop," Mike Cregan, are still green in the memories of athletic fans. And the high jumping of Egon Erickson is not to be forgotten. There are a host of other wearers of the blue who have done nobly in their efforts to keep Uncle Sam's name at the top of athletics.

All of this, of course, leads to a better and more efficient police force—a fact which Commissioner Enright shows his appreciation of by his encouragement of athletics.

Great Athletic Organization

The police roster bears the names of many wonderful athletes, men who have won national, state and international honors by their prowess in one athletic department or another. That list is an inspiration for all the bluecoats and by that token New York's Police Department can without fear of contradiction declare itself one of the greatest athletic organizations in the world.

There is no department of athletics today in which many members of the force are not qualified as experts. There is not a member of the force who is not interested in his brother's doings. The desire of each man to be always physically fit is akin to his desire to do his duty as best he sees it. That's why Bill Spengler, himself an Olympic competitor on the last team to go to Europe, has so many in his classes in the police gymnasium learning the arts of boxing, wrestling and jiu jitsu. No more is a policeman referred to as "that fat cop." There's no such thing! There may be some big men in the organization, but practically all are down to bone and muscle, fit and able to cope with any man.

Athletics in all forms are encouraged by the heads of the department, and the encouragement has led to the annual Police Field Day being one of the biggest athletic events of each year—a set of games which draws an entry of at least 500 policemen in the various contests.

So much for amateur competition. In rivalry with professionals Enright's boys have also won high place. It is only necessary to mention the names of such men as Frank Adams, who was Metropolitan heavyweight and lightweight champion, in boxing; Ben Butler, who held like honors; Johnny Ruff, New York state champion of the welterweights; Jack Bradley, who extended his championships to Canada; Eugene Jennings, who held the national indoor high jump championship as well

William Spengler, Holder of Many Ring Titles

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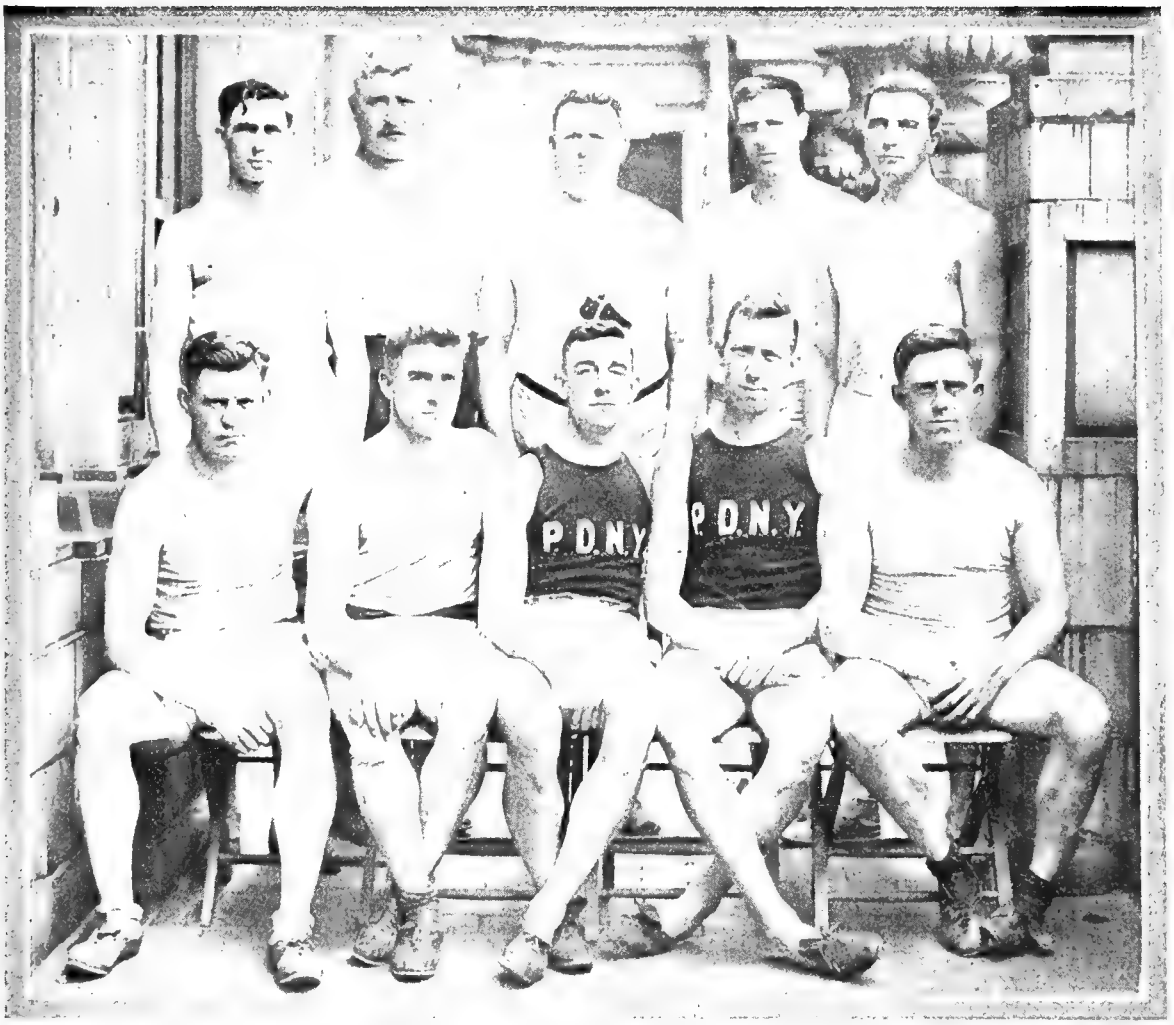

Left to Right, Standing—Erickson, McDonald, McGrath, Ryan, Stilson; Seated — Murphy, Eller, O'Connor, Skea and Genewich

as three metropolitan titles, and Frank Lauterborn, who held the standing high jump national championship, to bear out the assertion.

In handball there are two outstanding stars in a force in which almost all the men qualify as good players because of the opportunities offered them in the station-houses. Heaney and Kelly are two of the world's greatest players in the wall game, and shortly they are to have it out to decide the championship.

Superiority Is Double

The foregoing is only a summary of police athletic activity. Yet it tells a story that has an important bearing on the present high efficiency of the force. A clean body means a clear head, and that's the answer to the New York policemen's general double superiority —physically and mentally.

Athletics are going on, and when the Olympic team is made up for this year's bid for international honors at Paris, there will be more policemen on it. There will be a new one in the person of Orville Wanzer, a cop who has come to the front in the last two years.

He will be first in line for the shot-put, since he holds the national title, and is in high form at present.

And it seems certain, too, that although the 56-pound weight throwing has been eliminated from this year's Olympic games, old reliable, smiling Pat McDonald, will be there also to try to make it one-two for America with Wanzer in the shot-put.

Bill Spengler, too, can be counted on to win his share of points for the team this year. Spengler holds all A. A. U. boxing championships from middleweight to heavyweight, as well as the English 160-lb. title, which he has held since 1911. Spengler went to Antwerp in 1920, but did not fight, due to the fact that he broke his hand in training.

However, though few remember it, Spengler won the light and heavyweight titles at the Inter-Allied games with little trouble. The men he will have to face this year are, with one or two exceptions, the ones he easily defeated then. So it can be easily understood why America counts Spengler's points as already won.

And Matt McGrath is sure to be there in the hammer throw, despite the rise to fame of many college stars. A man of Matt's experience will be highly effective in the furore by thousands of spectators that marks the Olympic games.

An Olympic team is not a real Olympic team any more unless New York's peace guardians make up part of it. It just wouldn't seem natural to see a team sail away without some of "the Finest" aboard.

Don't forget, too, that the mark Martin Sheridan set is still a target to shoot at. New York's police have set a record in that sport that the whole world has failed to improve on.

One final point: There's this to remember: whether he is Olympic material or not, meet a New York policeman and you meet an athlete.

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Inside Famous Scotland Yard

(*Continued from page* 31)

Scotland Yard at Work

THE Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard was actively engaged on several very interesting cases at the time of the visit of the Foreign Police Commission.

Among the interesting things that happened while they were there was the identification of a man by his fingerprints long after he had sand-papered the tips of his fingers to such a degree as to obliterate markings on them. When he was captured on suspicion of being a burglar he managed to sand-paper off the surface skin of his fingers so that there were only bleeding tips when the police attempted to fingerprint him. He was placed in a hospital under guard and in the course of weeks, when the skin had regrown on his fingers they took his fingerprints and were able then to identify him as a veteran criminal who had escaped from one of the English prisons. He was immediately sent away to finish a long sentence.

A classic of Scotland Yard that came to the attention of the Americans was the famous ring-finger case, the exhibits on which are today in the Scotland Yard museum as gruesome proof of the infallibility of the fingerprint identification system.

In this case a burglar in escaping from a house climbed over a gate of iron spikes. In getting down on the outside he fell with great force. Unfortunately for him a ring from the third finger of his left hand caught on the end of one of the spikes. The force of his fall was so great that his ring finger was torn from his hand. It remained on the spike when he fled to cover.

Scotland Yard promptly identified the finger from its fingerprint records and within a few days had traced the criminal to what he had supposed was a secure hiding place. He was duly convicted of the burglary on the evidence of the severed finger.

There has just reached New York proof of the effective co-operation now in effect between the London and New York departments. The British report that they have identified John Dawson, sentenced for theft in London on January 18 to eighteen months penal servitude, as a man wanted by the New York police for murder.

Just a year ago New York police sent out a circular "Wanted for Murder, Jacob Shottenfeld, alias Sam Jacobs and Sam Shapiro." This circular gave his fingerprints and one of the 10,000 copies that was sent out went to Scotland Yard.

It reached there just five days after a man known to the British police as John Dawson had been arrested on suspicion of burglary and been discharged. The fingerprints from New York were at once identified as those of the man who had been arrested and had obtained his freedom in court. Scotland Yard at once set out to try and find him again, but he did not fall into their hands until January of this year, when he was caught in a theft and sentenced to prison.

Shottenfeld, who had a police record here, is charged with slaying Jacob Chakofsky in a pistol affray in upper Broadway on March 26, 1922. Apparently he promptly fled to England. At the expiration of his term of imprisonment it is expected "John Dawson" will be brought back here and put on trial for murder, a shining example of the efficiency and co-operation of the American and English police.

situation in the world's two greatest cities, England's and our own, we found in our survey definite reason for a sense of satisfaction, so far as New York's police achievement is concerned, although there surely is no reason for such feeling with regard to the conditions which respectively confront the police of the two great cities. We determined early in our visit and when it had ended had had no reason to change our point of view, that the police of New York and the detective forces of New York do not do so badly after all, everything considered. One of the very great differences is that New York has 39 per cent of foreign-born and London has 3 per cent, so its population is homogeneous.

The officers in command of the London Metropolitan Police are designated as follows: Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, Deputy Assistant Commissioner, Chief Constable, Superintendent, Chief Inspector, Divisional Detective Inspector, Sub-divisional Detective Inspector, Detective Inspector, Inspector, Station Sergeants, Detective Constables and men from the uniformed force temporarily assigned.

There you have the bare bones, the skeleton, as it was revealed to us, the little group of interested spectators from New York to the greatest of all European capitals. Having fixed this in our mind, we began to seek an understanding of the details. Things in which we felt especial interest, in addition to organization, are those which are particularly troublesome in New York City and America in general: such as the handling of homicides, the tracing of stolen automobiles, the carrying of concealed weapons, safe-cracking and all phases of burglary, and, very particularly, traffic-control.

The commanding officer of the C. I. D. (habitual abbreviation of the long name Criminal Investigation Department) is Assistant Commissioner Sir Windham Childs. He has two deputies to help him in the executive work. The high ranking officers in dealing with crime are four superintendents of whom one, Chief Superintendent Frederick Wendsley, has charge of the Scotland Yard district, which includes the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. Each of the other three police districts of London has its own superintendent.

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The selection of Cadillac as the Official Car of the New York City Police Department was directly based upon those inherent qualities which long ago earned for Cadillac the designation "Standard of the World."

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Inside Famous Scotland Yard

(*Continued from page* 38)

Under Superintendent Wendsley, Chief Inspector John H. Ashley deals directly with the detectives in the matter of assignments and discipline, records, investigation, etc., and is one of the centrally important men who maintain the great reputation of Scotland Yard.

Another Chief Inspector, Albert Helden, one of the veterans of the service, has charge of important police cases before certain courts and is practically the Scotland Yard representative in the higher tribunals. Chief Inspector Fair has charge of the criminal records and is to be credited with the accurate methods which we found employed in criminal registration in England.

Inspector Hammond Cracknell has charge of the crime index and "modus operandi" division. He is one of the originators of this widely employed system, of which more will be told of further along in this article. Detective Inspector E. A. Hill is the foot-print specialist at the Yard and showed us all their methods of obtaining foot-prints.

We received many courtesies from Alfred C. Collins of the Criminal Identification Division, who is in charge of the School of Instruction for the detective branch and has a highly comprehensive knowledge of the whole British police system.

We were greatly favored in having the assistance of Charles S. Collins, chief of the Criminal Identification Department in Scotland Yard and known the world over as an expert in finger-print records. Thanks to his cooperation, Captain Golden and Lieutenant Kruse were enabled closely to compare the detective systems—with especial emphasis on the finger-print records—of London and New York.

One of our best insights into the London police system was obtained by taking a trip through the Limehouse district—the Chinatown of England—with Detective Sergeant Edgar S. Edwards, who is in charge of that district. He has this formerly troublesome district in very good order and it was a revelation to find that he was directly acquainted with a great percentage of the persons we met on the streets. Through this personal touch he keeps close watch over his rather difficult charges.

London's four police districts are in turn divided into twenty-three divisions. As each of the four areas has its Detective Superintendent, so each Division has a Divisional Inspector. These share between them the 581 district detectives of the force, each having, therefore, about twenty-five.

Under each Divisional Inspector are one Detective Inspector, Detective Sergeants of the first and second class and detective constables. The first and second class sergeants and the detective constables are what in New York we group under the general term, members of the detective force.

In the Central Office, Scotland Yard, itself, are 219 more men—all specialists. Certain among them have won their coveted positions because of special aptitude for handling homicide cases, certain others have developed a peculiar skill in dealing with burglars and burglaries, others are experts in all matters pertaining to forgery, and still others have minute and highly developed knowledge with regard to other kinds of criminal activity.

London, like New York and other great cities, suffers, now and then from epidemics of crime. During such visitations and in all winter seasons, a special detective patrol-squad is sent out in each Division. There is reason to believe that since the war crime has increased in London as elsewhere. This patrol now, therefore, meets problems of peculiar difficulty, for it is a preventive organization.

In addition to the special squad referred to, Scotland Yard has another made up of twenty-one men found by experience to be apt at work in disguises. These men may do service as street-cleaners, they may seem to be casual laborers in search of work, they may assume the roles of prosperous businessmen or any others. They have four motorcars, are known as the "Flying Police," and have done most effective work. Their identities never are disclosed to uniformed men if it can be avoided.

The Central Office Squad of Scotland Yard, the most famous detective body in the world, is the admiration of all other similar bodies and especially it is the great delight of fiction writers. Every word of praise which

Queen Mary Decorates Ex-Service Men of the Police

it ever has had has been well earned, and usually when it has been subjected to anything more than casual criticism, this has been based upon misunderstanding. It should be explained at once that this very infrequently occurs. The newspapers of England are habitually respectful and appreciative of the constant efforts of those entrusted with the police guardianship of the nation. Police-baiting is far less popular as an indoor, editorial-room sport in Great Britain than in America.

This Central Office squad is divided into eight sections. One has charge of extraditions and fugitives from justice; the second has charge of serious crimes in the provinces; the third manages important prosecutions under the Crown, such as matters of State; the fourth conducts confidential inquiries for the Government; the fifth handles international crimes and people in London speaking languages other than English; the sixth looks

(*Continued on page* 42)

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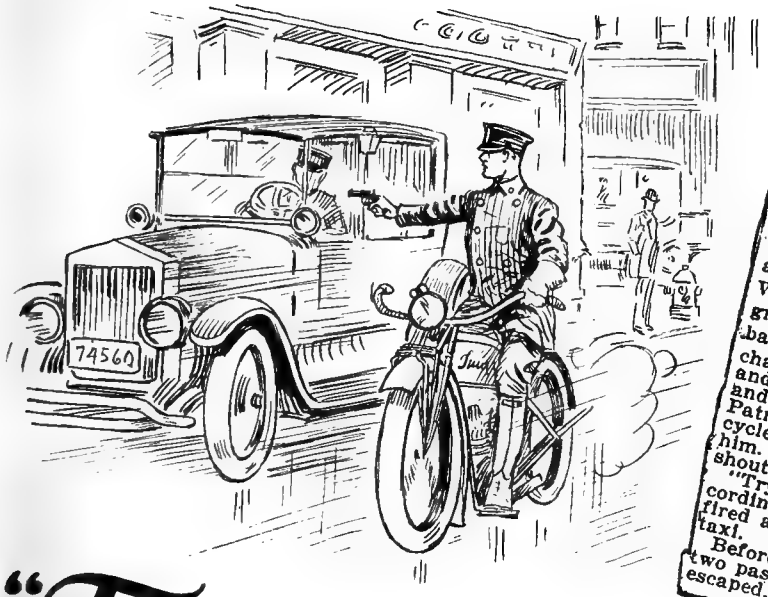

CROWD SEES CHASE OF TAXI

Motorcycle Policeman Uses Gun Before Getting Suspected Thief.

Crowds witnessed a chase in Fifth Avenue, yesterday morning, between a motorcycle patrolman and an alleged taxicab thief, in which several shots were fired. The case ended with the arrest of Thomas Fitzpatrick of 457 West Fifty-sixth Street, on a charge of grand larceny. He was held in $5,000 bail for examination tomorrow. The chase began at Seventy-Ninth Street and ended in 111th Street, between Park and Madison Avenues. According to Patrolman Frederick E. Faber of Motorcycle Squad No. 1, a taxicab shot by him. Faber took up the chase and shouted to the chauffeur to halt. "Try and get me," was the reply, according to the patrolman, who said he fired a shot over the top of the fleeing taxi.

Before the chase began in earnest the two passengers leaped from the cab and escaped.

"Try and Get Me" and the *Indian* Did!

ROBBERS, payroll bandits, murderers and other crooks recognize the efficiency of automobiles and in many cases have been able to make an easy getaway almost "under the very noses" of foot police and officers mounted on horses.

But see how differently things work out when the policeman is mounted on an Indian!

In over 1000 cities and towns throughout the United States and Canada Indian Motocycles are helping to prevent crime—to catch speeders and dangerous criminals—to regulate traffic—and to perform other important police duties. You'd be surprised to know how efficiently—and how economically—all this can be done with the

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Inside Famous Scotland Yard

(*Continued from page* 40)

after forgeries, frauds and bank matters; the seventh devotes especial attention to the white slave traffic; the eighth deals with assemblies and gatherings, especially where disorder or seditious utterances may be expected; members of this section being experts in political crime, such as anarchy, etc.

The detectives of Scotland Yard are not chosen from outside the police, as has been stated. In London, as in most places, it is realized that straight police training is the most valuable a man can have for detective work, and the detectives are selected from men of from two to seven years' service in uniform.

Nor is the transformation from policeman to detective held in London to be so great a change as to require years of special study. Applicants for detectives' positions attend Detective School for eight weeks, the sessions lasting two hours a day.

The men are taught about criminals and their methods, practical detective work, elements of criminal law, knowledge of court procedure and the duty of a detective at the scene of a crime, including the preparation of plans and sketches.

Considerable attention is given to instruction in the art of examining witnesses, and in this course stress is laid upon the great importance of never putting anything into a witnesses's mind or mouth. An interesting detail of the course includes instruction in finding criminals' hiding places and weapons and valuables concealed in buildings.

The point is stressed that members of the C. I. D. must feel it their bounden duty to look after the defense as well as the prosecution, judging no man or woman in advance of court decisions. Fairness to the public, fairness to the prisoner, fairness to their own jobs are urged upon the students of the school continually and no point is more strongly put than that of insistence upon absolute truth in every detail of a detective's statements. Prejudice and surmise are alike unmercifully condemned.

Such instruction, especially that giving a general working knowledge of the rules of evidence as they have been laid down by the British courts, not only fits a man for the pursuit of criminals, but for the presentation of his cases after he has caught them. The training supplied by the Detective School is admirable, complete and effective.

Such schools are characteristic of European police organizations. Every police department in Europe has its various schools in which much technical and even highly scientific training is imparted. The idea that police work is a hit-or-miss affair which can be trusted to the general intelligence of men not technically trained, long since has vanished out of Europe, if it ever has obtained there.

When Commissioner Enright had finished his trip through Europe he came back to New York with the idea that a Detective School was one of the great needs of the New York Department and at once issued orders for the establishment of an institution somewhat similar to those which he had seen, modified, of course, to include the good points of all continental European schools as well as those of England's. The school is in highly successful operation and has already justified its establishment.

While there is no Homicide Squad the procedure in a murder case is special. In the Detective Bureau are five chief inspectors and, as homicides occur, these men are assigned to them in rotation. That five men are found to be sufficient for supervision of such work indicates how slight is the London problem as compared with that in New York. Each of these inspectors has a group of men and with them he handles the allotted cases until they are completed.

We visiting Americans were much impressed by the Criminal Museum long established in Scotland Yard.

Here is to be found virtually every variety of burglars' tool, an astonishing collection of firearms, slungshots, sandbags, bludgeons, knives and other weapons. Every variety of appliance used by thieves, petty and otherwise, such as shoplifters' bags, trunks and satchels with false-bottoms, secret compartments, etc., are preserved here, each with a brief summary of its history attached.

The problem of narcotic drug-control is a much simpler one in London than it is here, but it exists and there is a narcotic exhibit, somewhat similar but naturally smaller and less dramatic than that to be found in the office of Dr. Carleton Simon, Special Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of New York's fight against the drug-evil.

New York has to maintain a Narcotic Division in its police. The London police told us that there were fewer then four hundred addicts there and that the average of arrests was under one hundred annually.

Criminal Identification—Finger-Prints

The Police of New York, and all other police the world over, owe Scotland Yard a debt of gratitude for the magnificent work that splendid organization has done in the perfection of finger-print identification. Sir Edward Henry, when Commissioner, was the first to make practical use of the idea, for he devised the classification of patterns enabling swift and certain identification of any finger-print previously recorded.

He it was who called the world's attention to the fact that these markings of the fingers are persistent all through life and that no duplicates exist, so far as known.

London's appreciation of the value of finger-prints therefore rightly is profound. In the Central Finger-print Bureau in Scotland Yard are filed the finger-prints of all persons convicted anywhere in England, Scotland or Wales, the prints of convicted persons being the only ones permanently filed. Prints of persons charged with crime but found innocent by the court are destroyed forthwith. A similar course is followed in New York on application by the acquitted person.

The total number of finger-prints on file at Scotland Yard approximates 380,000. New York's system, although not quite so old, is more extensive, containing as it does just about half-a-million records.

A law which is of great value to the English police permits them to request jail authorities to finger-print an inmate who is awaiting trial and permits the prison authorities to use all necessary force in compliance with such a request. We regard this as important.

Sir Edward Henry's successor as head of the Identification Bureau, Charles S. Collins, in turn has made a very valuable contribution to the effectiveness of the identification system, having devised a telegraphic code for transmitting finger-print information. It is similar in some respects to that of Director Hakon Jorgenson, of the Danish Police, who demonstrated a distant finger-

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print identification system at the International Police Conference held in New York in 1923.

The Collins plan analyzes the pattern-ridges and characteristics of the finger-tips in a code of letters and numbers in such a manner that the entire formula can be sent by telegraph, cable or radio, making positive identification possible.

The French "Portrait Parle," or spoken likeness system is in general use by London detectives. It teaches men how to define and recognize the characteristics of persons sought or captured. Like the system of measurements long in use throughout the world as one of the most effective methods of criminal identification, but now generally superseded, it was devised by Bertillon, the great French expert.

A word-picture of a human being which can be recognized by one who has read or heard it is a difficult thing for the untrained to produce. By the system which is in use in London it has been often demonstrated one may give by word of mouth a comprehensive and often startlingly definite portrait of the person wanted.

The London Police has also a system known as "Modus Operandi" which assists greatly in determining, after a crime has been committed, the identity of the malefactor. Criminals, no less than artists, are individualistic in their methods, therefore it is of the utmost importance that these methods should be studied. The Modus Operandi Bureau examines carefully into the methods used in every crime, and, by comparing the recorded details of a new crime with those of old ones, frequently finds itself able to associate two or more crimes as being probably the work of the same individual.

This valuable data tends to establish knowledge of working or practice-habits of particular criminals. Whether or not their identities are known at first, knowledge of this sort is valuable. Soon or late the criminal will be caught after some job and from that time on the "Modus Operandi" records will be as damming as his finger-prints. They may do even more toward causing his capture after his work once has been identified. The identification of a criminal's methods means that half the effort of his apprehension has been accomplished.

Where the identity of a criminal is determined the record of his Modus Operandi in the official archives of the C. I. D. is associated with it automatically and instantly and is supplemented by data with regard to name, age, height, general characteristics and scars or other identifying marks. In these records all persons arrested are registered and grouped according to the crimes of which they are accused and the peculiarities which have marked these crimes.

For a considerable period somewhat similar methods have been in use in New York, where, however, we go the London police one better. We add, whenever possible, the regular double rogues-gallery photographic likeness —profile and full face.

In New York the Modus Operandi files frequently are of great value when persons who have been victims of criminal activity or witnesses can be brought into contact with them. The New York method gives us what might be called a classified criminal photograph gallery that victims of crimes can examine. It frequently affords the first substantial clew to the perpetrator of a crime.

Scotland Yard is beginning a serious study of footprints in relation to criminal detection and prevention.

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The results of such work have helped trace criminals in several notable instances. The matter is far more important in London than it would be in New York, for in London (as, by the way, in most of the cities of the American interior) there are comparatively far greater areas of soft soil, capable of receiving and retaining footprint impressions than there are in New York where many, if not most even of the backyards are paved with stone or cement and where all streets virtually are covered with unimpressionable material from house-line to house-line.

Nearly every residence, at least in the better parts of London, has somewhere on the lot it occupies a certain area of uncovered grass or soil. Thus footprint records in London may very well be of the greatest assistance to the police. Plaster-casts are made of them when they are found after a crime.

We were supplied in Scotland Yard with all available data concerning the method of securing the impressions of footprints and their use in tracing criminals and shall soon begin a series of experiments which will develop just how valuable this plan can be made in handling the New York and the general American problems.

The impressions left by the tires of vehicles also have been carefully studied and in this idea may be found something of considerable value on this side.

London police also are gathering and endeavoring to use data concerning impressions made by burglars' tools.

An important phase of the C. I. D.'s work is still to be touched upon—a phase that is unknown to us here in America and quite possibly unknown to the English public.

I refer to the maintenance by Scotland Yard of detective representatives in several capitals of Europe. They are attached to the British Legations in the countries to which they are assigned, enjoy diplomatic privileges, and are able to greatly speed up the cooperation between the police forces of England and the neighboring countries of Europe.

These men are actual links in international police cooperation and give service that similar representatives of the United States could very effectively give today in such cities as Berlin, Rome, Brussels, Paris, London and Ottawa.

This feature of the Scotland Yard service came very pleasantly to our notice on the day of our arrival in Brussels. Before we could report to the Police Prefecture there we were called on by Sergeant Clancy of Scotland Yard, Britain's police representative in Belgium. During our stay he extended every help to us and was of great service. He had been there four years and was in close touch with the entire Belgium police system and on very friendly terms with the officials. All police business between the two countries was transacted by him. With his aid we were able to more quickly understand the police system there.

Commissioner Horwood of the London police told me that he thought this same system would be of great service between England and the United States, and that he would like to have a representative in America. The only thing that has prevented it so far has been the matter of expense. He heartily commended Commissioner Enright's idea of having American police representatives in European capitols to aid in tracing down criminals and in preventing criminals from emigrating to America.

BURNS BROS.
COAL

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The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl

(*Continued from page* 21)

father is so broken that he has been unable to come to the city—and it's eight days now since she disappeared with that queer word flung back to her mother on the balcony that Mrs. Edeson must not be surprised at anything. We can't tell whether she knew then she was going away or whether the word referred to something else. But we do know that when she went to the bank at the Hudson Terminal and drew $200 she must have expected to do something unusual. It was just a few minutes later that her friend met her in Fulton street."

Captain Raye had sent out for the magazine Judge Varney had mentioned, and as it was now brought in he gasped in admiration. A dashing brunette with a fair rather than olive skin was shown enjoying to the full a lively snowstorm that was eddying about her head.

"She might have furnished inspiration for it," said Judge Varney, "it's so near to being a likeness. Here's her photograph for your use, however."

"Photograph nothing," rebuffed Captain Raye, "We'll find the Magazine Cover Girl."

The Orders Snap

And before Judge Varney's amazed eyes he called in men and gave orders for the tracing of Miss Helen.

"Get a copy of this magazine, Johnson," he commanded, "and cover all the piers and stations to see if they remember a girl like that about a week ago. There isn't a man who sold her a ticket or punched one or who carried her baggage but will remember the Magazine Cover Girl."

"Get a copy of this magazine, Geoghegan, and drive up the north roads both sides of the river and over in Connecticut as far as Hartford on that side and Middletown on the other side. Cover every gas station and hotel and good restaurant. See everybody and see if you can get trace of this girl. Telephone twice a day. Judge Varney will look after the expense."

"Get a copy of this magazine, Ulrich, then trace Miss Eugenie Reardon of Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, to wherever she is stopping at Lake Placid and find out whether she has seen Miss Edeson. If she has neither seen nor heard from her you try this picture all over Placid and Saranac."

"Get a copy of this magazine, Dudley, and cover all hospitals all around the city from Asbury Park to Bridgeport, say. You know what to do."

The Doggy Signature

"Get a copy of this magazine, Samson, and find out who this artist is who signs himself with a sketch of a collie's head, and especially how he came to draw that picture. Maybe you'll land on something."

And then, after Judge Varney had gone, he made his really important move. He called in a careful sergeant.

"Go over all the records of the last eight days for anybody who disappeared about the same time as this young woman—particularly a young man. Don't rely on just our records. Get those of Montclair and the Oranges, Caldwell, Paterson, Pompton Lakes, Newark, Hackensack and all the Hudson County towns, and if you don't draw anything, try Yonkers and the Westchester places besides Stamford and Greenwich and Cos Cob and New Canaan, then take in the Long Island society towns. This girl moved in a pretty golfy, country club set, and we're going to find out why she slipped away. Maybe she didn't go alone—it's so seldom they do when they're as healthy and lively as this one."

The Private Investigator

Judge Varney, returning to his Woolworth Tower eyrie, found waiting there one who had been his frequent visitor for the last week—the widely-known Private Investigator.

S. Holmes Foster, as he chose to be styled, had often served Judge Varney's need of confidential and effective investigation. They both remembered with pleasure the success that had attended the Private Investigator's work in tracing to a diplomatic attache of a minor power certain charges of German spy activities that had been levelled at a member of the War Cabinet in Washington. As counsel for the accused secretary Judge Varney had been able to prove that the charges had arisen solely from jealousy. The sailing of the attache for his home land, never to return, had furnished a highly satisfactory ending to the affair.

Foster's admiration for a great detective of fiction had caused him to adopt simultaneously some ten years before the profession of private investigator and the name of S. Holmes Foster—with the precedent S. kept always at the masthead. His competency in great and complex affairs having been amply proven he was now engaged on a matter of very different quality from those in which he had won his fame. And this time he was a volunteer, not a drafted worker.

"Well, Holmes, I have reported the case to the police!" was the lawyer's greeting.

Shows No Effect

The Private Investigator was long trained in expressionlessness. His alert countenance showed only a blank reaction to the news. "That's all right, Judge. The police come in very handy for arrests and for routine work. They will, of course, follow their routine ways. It's all quite immaterial—what they do or what the detective agencies do. You know I follow my own methods. We shall rescue Miss Helen—it's only a question of a little time now."

"You see, I am driving directly at my objective—you will see that the police will work differently. Having deduced the nature of the case I am just waiting for the big clew—the letter demanding ransom."

"Ransom—what ransom? I've heard nothing of this."

"Of course not—it hasn't come yet. But it will come in a few days and then we'll put a moving-picture finish to this case."

"But I don't understand. We have nothing to indicate that Helen is held for ransom or even kidnapped."

"That's where I come in. I have gone over the case carefully and the absence of any motive for her disappearance—the absence of any clew as to where she went—is conclusive that some violent intervening agency was responsible for her vanishing.

"The one feasible agency was hypnotism—a hypno-

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tist's control over her is the one thing that would explain her last words to her mother, and her slight preparation for absence. And just think of the hypnotism cases lately—the Craggy girl in Harlem, the Park Slope mystery in Brooklyn, the Hastings kidnapping. Criminals have fashions of their own—their activities run in waves as do those of normal folk—and just now hypnotism is all the rage."

"But this ransom, why hasn't it been demanded already?"

"Easy—the kidnappers are waiting for a lull in the hunt. Mr. Edeson has had private detectives at his house from the first, and the abductors must have taken fright. Or, perhaps, they learned I was on the case."

"What do you want the Edesons to do, then?" asked the Judge.

"I should like to have them wait until the note comes demanding the reward and then give me twenty-four hours in which to rescue Miss Helen. That note is sure to give us some kind of a clew."

"You want them to hold the note back from the police and the two agencies—you know they are still working?"

"Why, yes, I wish they would. Perhaps you can influence Mr. Edeson to do it."

In Need of Help

"Holmes, it comes down to this. Mr. and Mrs. Edeson are in desperate need of help. These processes of yours in the other cases have taken time. They are taking time in this case. And time is what we have not. We must get Helen out of whatever foolish predicament she has gotten herself into, and get her out quickly, before Christmas. We simply can't wait for ransom notes, we must follow what clews we have."

"And do the police think they have any clews that are worth working on?"

"Well, for one thing they are investigating the magazine cover that first got you interested in the case."

"That was bait, eh? Did you leave it on top of the magazines on the table on purpose when you knew I was coming in?"

"Why, no, I never thought of such a thing."

"No, I suppose you wouldn't. But if you had it would have been clever—since you know my one dissipation is worshipping at the shrine of beauty. You certainly entrapped my interest the instant you mentioned she was missing."

"Well, I'll admit I did that in the hope that you might give me a little advice. I didn't really expect you to throw yourself whole-souled into the affair as you have. I don't think I've ever seen you quite so keen about any other inquiry—been in twice a day, haven't you?"

Used the 'Phone

"Oh, that's nothing, I've telephoned the Edesons as many more times every day. By the way, you said the police were looking up the cover. I can save them the trouble. I did that days ago. An old man drew that—a real artist, too, as you can see. No chance of such a man being a kidnapper."

"All right, Holmes, it's a race—you against the police—and you have had six days start."

"It's not the start I'm interested in, Judge, it's the finish. I want to be the one that leads the squad in to grab the kidnappers and rescue Miss Helen. The police will be useful to make the arrests and surround the house, but I have a different ambition."

Judge Varney's face changed slightly. He who looked close might have caught an amused twinkle in his eyes. But the Private Investigator was too engrossed with his own thoughts to pay attention.

"How now, old impassiveness," joked the Judge. "How is it that you want to play the movie hero and grab the spotlight? I never knew you to willingly go out on an arrest before."

"Judge, I told you I was especially interested in solving this case—do you know why? Did you ever stop to think why I took up this profession and endured all the strain and turmoil of pulling other people's chestnuts out of the fire?"

Knows the Answer

"Oh, I know the answer to that. Reading Sherlock Holmes got you all excited."

"Ah, but back of that, Judge—what then? You see me a hard-shelled, prosaic digger into dirt, a hunter down of cold hard facts. You look on me as bloodless, matter-of-fact, unemotional, bloodhound."

"Spare yourself, Holmes, I see you are a bit emotional—in this case any way."

"Yes, but underneath, Judge, what kind of a man is under all this armor. I'll tell you in three words of Shaw's Captain Bluntschli—remember the Swiss soldier of fortune who was more excited over chocolate creams than over a battle? Captain Bluntschli explained his love affair finally by saying he was of an 'incurably romantic disposition.' So am I—so is every real detective. One and all we aim to rescue the distressed and extend the chivalric hand to beauty.

"Judge, I had remarked this girl on the magazine cover on the newsstands before I happened into your office. But I had never supposed the picture had a human counterpart. I'll be quite frank with you. I want to lead the rescue party because it may lead to something—such things do sometimes even in real life. So you see it is romance that calls me. Now I'm off after the hypnotists."

He left the office with jaunty step and humming a love song.

Mournful Eyes

BEFORE he left Headquarters for the Edeson home that afternoon Captain Raye had heard from Ulrich that Miss Eugenie Reardon was at the Lakeside House, Lake Placid, and that over the long-distance she had said she last saw Helen Edeson ten days before near the Clark street subway station, Brooklyn, which station Miss Reardon habitually used in going to her home on Columbia Heights.

"Shall I go up north, chief?" asked Ulrich, and Captain Raye paused a second before answering. "No, wait awhile; go over to Clark street and work the neighborhood. Use a fine tooth comb."

Also the Captain heard from Samson that the magazine had bought the cover design through an agent and that the artist was unknown to them. His monogram on the dog's collar spelled SHEP, by which name they knew him. The agent, so Samson reported, said he had bought only two pictures from the man and didn't know him well, but understood he lived in Brooklyn. The artist was to call on the agent for his check.

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"Stick by that agent until he calls," snapped the order, "it's too peculiar an affair to take a chance. Don't talk to this Shep, trail him home and then call me."

"First time I ever knew Brooklyn to butt into a Manhattan case so many ways," thought the Captain in departing, "It's so numerous that you might think it was planted. Sounds too easy at first. Looks so like a door in the blank wall that we'll have to look out sharp. These simple leads are usually the bad ones."

Upper Mountain avenue, Montclair, looks down on aristocratic Mountain avenue, and Mountain avenue in turn looks down on Underhill and a host of lesser aristocracies, each of which maintains its neighborhood exclusiveness. One layer on top of another the coteries of these various superimposed streets are as distinct and aloof from one another as are the layers of strawberries in an old-fashioned shortcake. They drip and mix at the edges only.

A stiff climb for his taxi and a stiffer inturn up a sharp circular grade landed Captain Raye at the door of the high-placed Edeson home. There his attention was instantly drawn to a dog that lay stretched on the porch—a collie with the saddest looking eyes Captain Raye had ever seen. The dog had arisen sharply enough at the inwhirl of the taxi. After, however, seeing that the newcomer was a stranger, the dog turned from him in slow disinterest.

Must Make Friends

The Captain of the Missing Persons Bureau has to make friends with all sorts and conditions of persons—and with dogs. So he essayed to say a kindly word to the tri-colored collie. Somehow the dog seemed familiar to him, but he could not remember distinctly that he had ever been introduced to a collie of this marking. His advances fell on sterile ground. The big dog did not so much as cock an ear when spoken to. His gaze was steadily fixed on the street and the vista in front. As Captain Raye passed he read on the collar-plate "Helen Edeson, Upper Mountain avenue, Montclair," and began to respect the big fellow.

"Is the dog deaf?" he asked the maid at the door after he had inquired for Mrs. Edeson.

"'Deed not, sir. He's the crepe on this door. He's Miss Helen's pet, Bruce is—or was. See him stir, sir, when I mention her name. He knows it, that fellow does. From one day after she went away, sir, he's been lyin' there mournin' her. He's young, sir, and playful as a kitten he was until last Saturday week. Now he won't half eat and at meals the only thing he does is walk into the dining-room and nuzzle her chair."

Captain Raye's interview with Mrs. Edeson, supplemented by one with Mr. Edeson, who came in a few minutes after the Captain's arrival, did not at first yield anything useful. They told him, as had Judge Varney, that they were well-to-do folk, the husband being the principal stockholder in and president of a local bank and also vice-president in a New York bank. The wife was active in the Woman's Club and the Day Nursery. They were of the class whose movements are regularly recorded in the society columns of the Montclair Star and who occasionally break into the society sections of the New York papers. They had, in fact, been mentioned when Helen had come out two years before and on the occasion of their silver wedding the year before. To all familiar with New York that will set their financial and social standing with sufficient exactitude.

The Admirer's Letters

Helen had had a host of admirers and the private detectives had called on every one of these who was in Montclair or New York and had drawn nothing. The girl had scores of girl friends in church organizations, the Upper Montclair Country Club and in the highly active younger set of this, reputedly the second richest small community in the United States. The list of the girls invited for her debut had been combed over without reward. The servants had been interrogated—nothing.

"Oh, if I only knew something that would help you get her back, Captain," wailed Mrs. Edeson as she leaned against her husband's shoulder and wept. "There's a young man at Princeton I thought she was interested in, but she said she wasn't. There are letters from him here, so he can't know anything about her. She was accustomed to tell me everything—why, she even told me without my asking why she was going to the city so much. You see, I hadn't paid any attention to it, because I thought she was doing Christmas shopping."

"Going to the city? How often?"

"Oh, every day for several hours, from about 10 o'clock to four generally."

"Was that unusual?"

Never Done Before

"Well, she never did it before, but she told me about it herself—you see, she was the soul of frankness."

"Soft, soft," Captain Raye was saying to himself. Here was the clew he had been looking for, falling into his

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hands so soon. Control himself as he would, he could not help leaning forward a little as he asked:

"What was the reason, Mrs. Edeson?"

"Why, the surprise."

"What surprise?" Was his clew slipping out of his hands so early?

"I don't know—it was to be a surprise," and the mother burst into a fit of weeping at thought of it.

After a few minutes, in which he alternately wiped his eyes and comforted his wife, Mr. Edeson explained:

A Big Surprise

"Some surprise Helen was preparing for us—for the two of us, she told her mother when she was playfully chaffing her one day about two weeks ago. That's all we know, although we think it had something to do with Christmas."

"Helen said it would be a big surprise, and that was the last word I could get out of her," added Mrs. Edeson.

"And she spent hours in the city every day preparing it?"

"We suppose so, she said to me that I'd be glad she had become such a commuter. Oh, if I had only pressed her, but she was in such a merry mood that no thought of anything ill could have come to me."

"We are leaning on you, Captain Raye," went on Mrs. Edeson, "the two biggest private detective agencies haven't found a clew that has yielded anything. They have been trying to learn what this surprise was, but not even Helen's closest girl friends have any suspicion, though she did tell her chum there was something big going to 'come off,' as she put it."

"Now we are two broken people. Helen was the light of our lives, and while we feel she could not have done anything wrong, we can't go on in this horrible state of uncertainty. I for one can't stand it. I can't bear up much longer. Why, Captain, I'd be more at peace if I knew she was de——"

"Now, now, mother, nothing like that," and Mr. Edeson laid a kindly hand on his wife's mouth.

The Captain had been biding his time for questioning and when Mrs. Edeson had recovered a little he took up the natural departmental queries. The description of Miss Helen's dress struck him only in that the fur and hat colors were those of the magazine cover he carried in his pocket.

Took Knickerbockers

It was when he came to a question about shoes that he pricked up his ears at the answers. "Helen must have worn her heavy Oxfords," Mrs. Edeson said wearily, "because they're missing, same as her woolen stockings and her knickerbockers."

"Only one pair of woolen stockings?"

"No, she had four pairs and they're all gone. She must have worn her knickerbockers under her skirt—they were a combination, you know."

And Captain Raye gave thanks that the north roads were being combed for this winter sports beauty.

Then the Captain tried his long-held-back question—

"Did Miss Helen go to Brooklyn at all?"

"Not so far as we know. She may have gone over there occasionally to see some friend, but I don't think we ever heard of it."

Gaining permission to call his office on the telephone, Captain Raye listened to a three-part report and returned with a grave face to the living-room. He paced the floor in thought for some moments and then—

"There are some developments I'm going to tell you about and you must control yourselves. These things may have no connection with the case. The thing that makes me pay some attention to them is that this is a highly unusual affair.

"The common reasons for a disappearance seem lacking—there's no young man she could have run away with, there was nothing for her to fear, there was no unpleasantness at home, she was not stage-struck and the idea of foul play is discounted by the fact that she evidently had some thought of doing something unusual.

"Therefore, since the usual reasons for vanishing do not apply, some very unusual reason should apply. If the things my men report have anything to do with the case then the reason is unusual—so much so as to be at present entirely hidden from us."

"Be done with riddles, Captain, please tell us——" This was Mr. Edeson. "Or perhaps you would prefer that Mrs. Edeson go out?"

"No—the first thing they report is that a young woman like your daughter was seen at least three times in the drug store over the subway station at Clark street in Brooklyn."

Seen by Miss Reardon

Husband and wife looked at each other. "On my honor, Captain, we can't help you there. We know nothing about her being in Brooklyn." Mr. Edeson spoke bravely, but Mrs. Edeson leaned forward in a wild outburst of weeping: "How can you know it was Helen?" she asked brokenly.

"That's the second point. I knew before I came here that Miss Eugenie Reardon——"

"Helen's room-mate at Smith," broke in Mrs. Edeson.

"—Well, that she met Miss Helen near the Clark street station about two weeks ago. That makes it seem likely that the girl in the drug store was your daughter, doesn't it?"

"We must admit it sounds reasonable—so far," Mr. Edeson grudingly admitted.

"Point No. 3 then is that on the last occasion that she was seen the young woman was supposed by the drug store clerks to have her father—— No, I don't mean you, sir—with her. An elderly man with whitened beard was in the store. And she bought a toothbrush, a powder compact and tooth paste—possibly some other things—they don't remember exactly."

"It couldn't be, it couldn't be," wailed Mrs. Edeson.

"Now, was there any other point?" asked Mr. Edeson.

"This," said the Captain: "There disappeared from Brooklyn on December second, the same day your daughter left, an old artist named Schafer, Arthur Schafer——

"Which means shepherd in English," interjected Mr. Edeson.

Captain Raye, who had been speaking in a restrained, carefully steadied voice, suddenly lost his poise.

"Shepherd you say—then look at this!" He snatched from his pocket the highly colored picture of the Magazine Cover Girl. See this signature "SHEP" and the collie dog picture. If that doesn't show that she sat for this artist sometime, somewhere, then I'm in the wrong job."

"It can't be—she never would go with such a man—my Helen!"—and Mrs. Edeson's voice trailed off into sobs.

(To Be Continued)

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The Lesson

(*Continued from page* 13a)

sponge—sponge that was swelling with an intolerable pressure.

Dimly he realized that his wife was screaming—that Jackie had lunged to come to his aid, but had been roughly thrust back by the Kid. Dear loving Jackie. Susie had collapsed on the floor in tears.

"Might as well hush that noise," said the Kid, rather tensely to the Editor's wife. "If you don't I'll come over and hush it for you."

The woman's nerves were all frazzled—coherence had gone from her.

"Don't you dare," she whimpered. "I'll get the police."

"Yes you will—the police ain't no good. We're the bosses. They couldn't catch a lame beggar much less a pair of smart guys——." This from the Kid, as the Runt tucked a string of pearls into a side pocket.

Plucky eleven-year-old Jackie intervened. "You just bet they'll get you just the same. There's police all around. They're on the corners. You can't get away from 'em, Mr. Smartie."

"Can't eh—but you don't know, you don't read no papers."

"Do, too!"

"Then you've read as how the bulls ain't getting nowhere—ain't catching anybody. It's easy as pie this business. All you need is a car and a little nerve."

While the Kid was talking the Runt gathered up an armful of the best from the floor and started toward the door.

"Hold these suckers 'till you hear me whistle," he instructed. "Then lock them in the closet—and beat it fast. I cut the phone wire a'ready."

"Get up there! Get over in there," ordered the Kid. He shoved the children toward the closet.

Editor Handled Roughly

With them well over toward the closet side of the room he turned his attention to the father, still leaning dazed against the wall. The Editor did not respond instantly and a rough shove was the result.

"Don't you hurt my father again," shouted the hot-blooded Jackie. "If you do I'll break out the window and get the police if you kill me."

"Keep your hide on, kid," came back the reply. "There ain't no police for you to get. They ain't any good—them bulls. Take it from me."

"Are too!" was the impetuous reply. Jackie's pet adoration was big blue-clad Dorgan at the booth, half a mile across the suburb.

"Here, come, get in with you," the Kid said to the father. The Editor's slowly gathering wits aided him here.

"The boy's right," he sparred in an effort to gain time. "The police are sure to land you fellows—and I have enough influence to keep them on your trail till they get you. You can't hide from them."

"You're the chief himself, maybe?" said the Kid scornfully. "All you have to do is to just tell them to go get us. You make me tired. Y'can see by the papers that the cops don't catch nobody. Every day the hold-ups keep getting away with it. That's the reason we took up the business, me partner and me."

The Editor's wife, between her weaving back and forth and sobbing, caught at this.

(*Continued on page* 50a)

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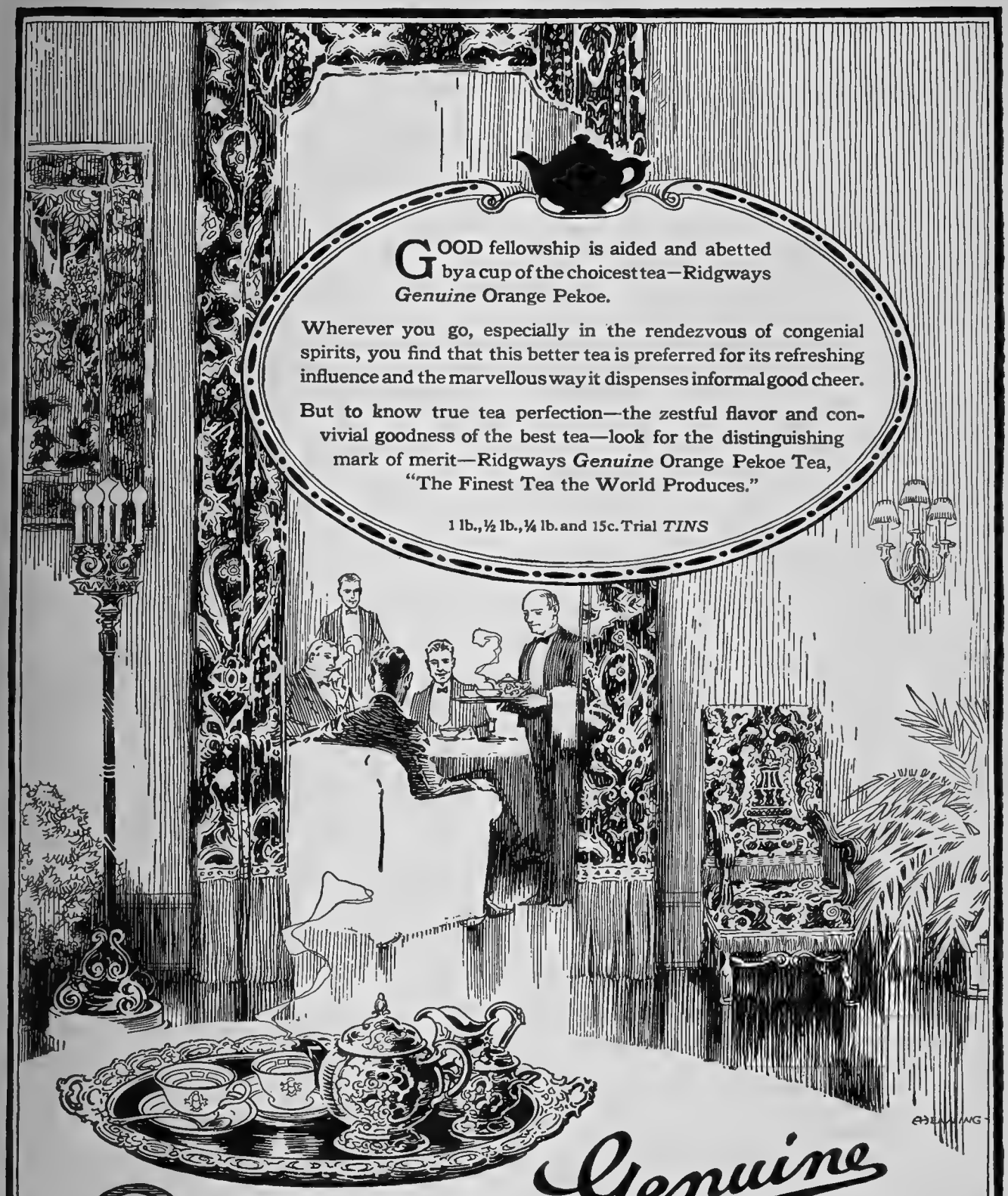

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The Lesson

(*Continued from page* 49a)

"You mean to say you read all this in the papers."

"Sure, where else would we read it? The *Recorder* tells every day just how they get away with it—so why shouldn't we pick up some easy money, too?"

"Oh, Bert. You—— You taught them this! This is all your fault. I'll never forgive you this the longest day—Oh!"

Crash of glass had interrupted her.

"Drop it, bo!" interrupted a new voice—a heavy voice. The Kid was standing with his back to the front window, where the glass had fallen as a long pistol came poking through. He had only partly turned to see what had happened when he caught the "Drop it!"—and all its implications. He let his pistol thud to the floor instantly. He raised his hands. A man in blue uniform stepped in through the jagged aperture. His pistol, alert and menacing, preceded him in every move.

"What's going on, here? I saw this fellow's shadow on the curtain with what looked like a pistol so I just climbed up over the bay window from the next house and broke in." While he spoke he pushed his business ahead. He thrust the nose of his automatic against the Kid's ribs and with an instantaneous swing picked up the other's pistol.

"Thank God, officer," moaned the Editor's wife, "You've saved us—but watch out, there's another downstairs."

"Another, eh?" and the man in blue acted like a flash. Snap! went a handcuff on one felon wrist. "Now walk over there by the radiator!" came the crisp command, reinforced with a poke in the ribs from a well recognized impeller. The Kid moved over. "Here sir," and this was addressed to the Editor. "Snap that other cuff on him with the chain around the steam-pipe, I've got to get after the other fellow."

The Editor was slow, but the reassuring snap did come in a minute. Then amid sighs of relief from the wife and children the man in blue took his automatic out of the Kid's anatomy for the first time. He patted the Kid's pockets with no gentle hand.

"No gun, all right. He'll stay put. Now where'd this other one go?"

The Editor, to spent for talk or much exertion, waved a hand at the door. The man in blue ran lightly to it. Pistol in hand he poised himself beside it, then suddenly jerked it open, his automatic peeking through the crack before his eyes did.

Only black emptiness showed there in the hall. The man in blue motioned for silence and stood a second, waiting.

Catching a sound below he started forward a step—then halted, puzzled. The sound was an unexpected one.

Suspects Truth

A voice said: "Step right along—we'll take you right upstairs and see what you've been up to." Distinctly this was not the voice of adolescence that the Editor connected with the Runt. Confused sounds of footsteps followed. The man in blue stepped back into the room, less watchful, obviously relieved. He remained on guard, however—it might be a trick.

"I haven't done anything, what's the use of taking me in here?" was the next thing to reverberate up the hall. The Editor recognized the voice.

"Naw, you wouldn't be doing anything, not with a $5,000 string of pearls in your pocket—of course not."

"Who's there," boomed the big voice of the man in blue. "Police?"

"Yes, Kennedy and Ashton from Headquarters," came back the call. "Who're you?"

"Angus, fourteenth precinct—I've got one up here, too."

"I'll go up first and see it isn't any trap," Kennedy was heard to say to Ashton, "You hold this mutt."

And in a moment Kennedy of the plain clothes and Angus of the blue uniform were exchanging the lodge grip of the police. Then and not till then did the overwrought Editor of the *Recorder* sink into a chair. Ashton came up with the Runt as Kennedy explained, that in cruising about in their Ford they had come upon a neat sedan standing a little way up the street on the other side with engine running. Headquarters had long ago ordered that all such should be investigated, so they had waited in their own car just far enough away to not be noticeable and had run down on the other car the instant they had seen the Runt go to it.

He had refused to tell from which house he had come, but they had noted the direction from which he had approached the car and had tried the doors of the houses thus indicated. When one opened they felt they had the right clue.

The Editor, with the automatics safely averted from himself, regained his wonted poise and made vigorous complaint of the treatment he and his family had received.

"You'll get twenty years apiece for this," said Kennedy to the Runt and the Kid, now twinned together with brightly shining chains as he prepared to take them down to their car.

"Yes, we will!" gibbed the Kid. "We're first offenders and we won't get much, we'll be out before you know it."

Ashton, a silent man except under due provocation, had been quiet up to now, but at this he broke tongue. "All wise to the law and the practice of the courts, I see. Been studying law so as to prepare yourself for a graduate course in robbery, I suppose. If you know so much, what do you say to four separate charges—burglary, robbery, assault, concealed weapons?"

"Don't you worry about four charges," retorted the Kid. "We'll appeal to the papers that we're being persecuted by the police—that will be just nuts for the *Recorder*, they'll get us off light."

The Editor was his fishy non-commital self again as he spoke. "How long will they probably get, officer, if the *Recorder* doesn't intercede for them?"

"About twenty years—even a first offender isn't entitled to much mercy when its this kind of a premeditated and brutal crime. Even the newspapers that always knock the police, know that fellows that try this kind of thing have murder in the back of their minds before they start on it."

Here Officer Angus could control himself no longer. "You two have a fine chance to appeal to the *Recorder*. This gentleman hasn't said anything about it—having his reasons, I suppose—but he's the editor of the *Recorder*."

(*Continued on page* 51a)

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The Lesson

(*Continued from page* 50a)

"H'm Officer, did you know that when you came in?" Thus the editor.

"Sure I did sir—I know every house on this beat and the hours they keep. I always look for your light about this time in the morning, sir—that's how I came to notice this fine young sprig of the devil's shadow. I hadn't got up to where their car was.

"Oh, yes sir, I knew whose house it was—but that didn't make any difference, sir."

Big Mercantile House Bars Pistol

HOW the fight for the abolition of the pistol is taking hold on the public conscience is splendidly illustrated by the action of one of America's great mercantile houses, Butler Brothers, in eliminating all concealed weapons from their stocks and catalogues. This house, which has its headquarters in Chicago and branches in New York, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Dallas, is one of the great concerns supplying the general stores in the United States, much of its business being done by catalogue distribution.

While this action had been long under consideration, it was finally decided on largely as a result of a speech Col. Walter Scott, vice-president of Butler Bros., heard Commissioner Enright make. This attack on the carrying of pistols made such an impression on the directors of the house that they decided to take action at once toward ending the pistol menace.

When the concern's stock of pistols is exhausted in about a month the house will cease to carry these weapons. Frank H. Cunningham, president of Butler Bros., gave some idea of the huge traffic in pistols in figures that showed Butler Brothers' sales alone averaged $250,000 a year, or almost $1,000 for every business day.

Another Chicago concern is said to have been recently shipping as many as 1100 pistols a day. Of this action of Butler Brothers, which is expected to lead to similar decisions by other houses whose directors are public-spirited men, the Chicago Tribune said in an editorial on April first:

"Butler Brothers, mail order house, have struck the one-hand gun off their lists. They will dispose of their stock on hand and thereafter not deal in the man-killer. The management says that it is now realized that trade in this weapon is trade in man-killing.

"A conscientious scruple was created and it terminated the business. This is creditable to the conscience of these merchants. The trade they relinquish will go elsewhere, of course, but the responsibility for that will not be on them.

"There will be trade so long as there is unrestrained manufacture. What one retailer relinquishes to satisfy his conscience will be taken up by another who has no conscience. The remedy is the taking over by the government of the manufacture of a weapon which has only one purpose—the killing of human beings. It is the weapon of the crook, the maniac, the hop head, and the person of violent passions."

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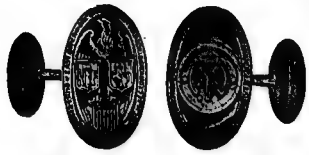

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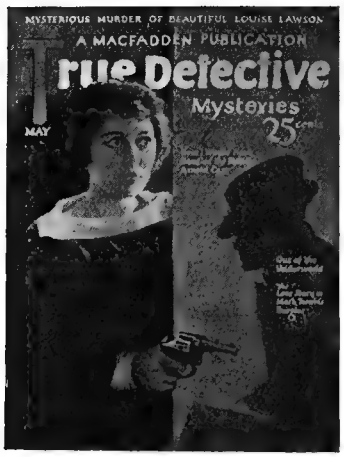

CONTENTS of the May Issue

A Policy and a Pledge.
The Woman in Black.
The Man With Two Faces.
Who Shot Earl Brandon?
The Cleveland House Mystery.
Flat-Foot Billings.
Who Killed Beautiful Louise Lawson?
"Dead Men Tell No Tales."
Blackmail.
Out of the Underworld.
How I Would Have Handled the Dorothy Arnold Case.
The Love Story of Mark Twain's Burglar.
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IT was only yesterday that she had *wondered.*

Her classic beauty, aglow with a rose complexion and aflame with eyes like twin candles; her gown, product of a silk-hall of Flanders and masterpiece of a couturier of Paris; her pearls, nestled like opalescent dew-drops around the pale contour of her neck—all mirrored back as if in mockery, "*Something!* You are not beautiful."

Then just a hint. Today the indefinable has become the indispensable.

Previously, generous Nature had made her unaware. Now she remembered the boudoirs of Paris and Versailles, the links of New York and Tuxedo—wherever she had seen women who love the supreme artistry of life, there she realized she had seen Worshippers at the shrine of beautiful, colorful hair.

And what was it that assisted Nature so simply, so quickly and so faithfully? Indeed it was the famous preparation prepared from the formula of Dr. Charles Marchand, *Graduate Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris.*

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Turning Pirates Into Police

(*Continued from page* 24)

first Moro Constabulary, therefore, were all bare-footed.

In the deep forests of Mindanao, leeches are very bad. Habitually, when a native walks through the forest he carries a sharp stick and flips them with the stick from his bare ankles. So serious is this on a march through the forest that at every halt each individual is busy removing leeches from himself. The wounds they leave are nearly always infected and represent a considerable loss of blood.

This meant that our bare-footed Moro Constabulary were considerably handicapped. So we brought in woolen puttees, which had been invented by the natives of the Himalayan mountains, to meet a similar condition. These were wrapped around the calf of the leg and the ankle and prevented access of leeches to that portion of the body.

Every Moro who was enlisted was, of course, proud to have a rifle in his possession. They had always been armed with the kris or the kampilan or the barong, characteristic cutting and stabbing weapons of the Malays of the Archipelago. The kampilan was a very deadly weapon, straight, with a cutting edge about three feet long, and a handle long enough for two hands.

This kampilan was always carried in a scabbard, consisting of two pieces of wood lightly bound together with a grass cord. It was slung over the right shoulder, edge uppermost, and in case it became necessary to use it the savage simply struck forward with the kampilan, which cut the grass cord, and so worked as effectively as though the weapon were naked instead of in a scabbard.

The native Moro was very keen about providing himself with a rifle. He who could obtain one became a marked man among his people. If, for instance, he roamed on Lake Lanao and could steal a rifle from an American soldier, he leaped from a condition of slavery to freedom, and acquired the right to choose almost any pretty girl around the Lake for his wife. Generally he was regarded as a capitalist among his own people.

It required a particular kind of officer to deal with the Moro Constabulary. These people did not fear death and had been accustomed to fighting from childhood. They firmly believed that if he be killed under certain conditions a Mohammedan goes straight to Paradise and into the arms of the Houris.

It was very necessary that the white officers should be carefully selected and be of a quality that these men would admire and follow. It also meant that the officers had to be men who would respect the religious principles of these Moslem soldiers, and generally exercise over them a personal care and authority which is beyond that which officers are expected to give to soldiers of our own race.

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Within six months after the organization of the Moro Constabulary, which was begun in the Provinces of Zamboanga and Cottabato, we had achieved enough success so that these men could be used in fighting. However, we took advantage of what there was in the way of tribal hostility and in Zamboanga we used Moro Constabulary from Cottabato, while in Cottabato we used Zamboangans. Later we used both these tribes in Jolo. It was the old theory which General Crook had followed in this country in the Indian Wars on the frontier of using Sioux against Cheyennes and perhaps Cheyennes against Comanches or Apaches.

Naturally, the officers had to learn to write a little Arabic. The only literature among the Moros is written in Arabic characters and consists largely of extracts or texts or prayers from the Koran. In some cases a more or less crude minstrelsy was written down. A certain familiarity with the prayers of the Koran, which is to all Moslems the Divine as well as the Civil Law, was exacted of our officers in order that they might thereby know the prejudices of their soldiers and avoid them as far as consistent with their duty to the United States and the Insular Government.

One of the questions which came up on the first pay day was the inquiry by Moro soldiers as to what proportion of the pay received should go to the Datto who had sent them to enlist. They were very much surprised when they found out that from our standpoint nothing was due the Chief.

In time, the organization of the Moro Constabulary was extended to all five of the districts of the Moro provinces and it came to number about 1,000 men. It still exists, although the bare foot has long since been shod.

During this period of organization of the Moro Constabulary and for the first few years after 1903, the American Army in the Moro province was largely engaged in field operations such as the war with Panglima Hassan on Jolo and the wars against Datto Ali in the Cottabato valley.

With Great Credit

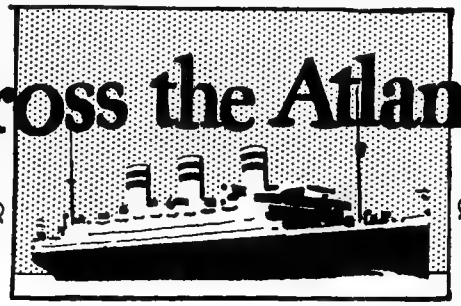
On these expeditions, General Wood, as Commander, used to assign a place to the Moro Constabulary, who went along as part of the command, taking part in the fighting and acquitting themselves with great credit.

The peculiar views taken by Moro chiefs of things which we are accustomed to regard less lightly may be illustrated by the outbreak of the war against Panglima Hassan. Hassan was a man who had risen to the lower grade of the Moro nobility by his strong native character and had acquired great influence and considerable property in the best region of Jolo, one of the most beautiful countries in which it has ever been my lot to soldier.

He was apparently pro-American and very friendly with the Governor of the Sulu Islands, Major Scott, who afterwards became Major General Scott and Chief of Staff of the Army of the United States at the outbreak of the Great War.

A Moro man, a slave among Hassan's people, had been killed by some chief. Major Scott demanded the surrender of the murderer in order that he might be subjected to trial by the local judge, who was an American. Hassan refused to surrender the man, and

"across the Atlantic"



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said in tones of great contempt, "What, can't a Moro Dato kill his own slave—if he cannot, what can he do, can he breathe air?"

This led to the use of force in apprehending that particular murderer. Hassan mustered his entire fighting force reaching into thousands, and would not change his viewpoint on the right of a Dato. The result was that his property was destroyed, his people scattered, and at the end of six months he met his own death fighting against overwhelming numbers.

Ali's case in Cottabato valley was almost a similar one. Ali was a descendant of the Moro princely house of Kudarangan, a son of the last Sultan of Maguindanao. His control over his own people was exercised with such cruelty that he was called to account by the local Governor, an officer of the Army, and took to the hills with all his followers in rebellion.

The ensuing war, in which the Constabulary bore an honorable part, finally resulted in the death of Dato Ali, after about a year and a half of desultory fighting over the hills and valleys of Cottabato.

The Sultan of Sulu was the twenty-eighth of his line in direct descent from a conquering Malay who came to the Sulu Archipelago in the 15th Century. His father had sold very large rights over British North Borneo so that the jurisdiction of his son was greatly limited. He exercised a shadowy control over all the Sulu Archipelago and had rights in all pearls found in that famous pearl region that were above a certain size.

The Sultan had thirty wives but no children. His mother was a famous Sultana who, as a child, had been stolen from the Visayan Islands, and who had grown to be a woman of great strength of character and influence, not only over her own husband but over her son when he succeeded as Sultan.

When he was out of sight the Sultan was generally regarded with contempt by every Moro then in Sulu, but in his presence there was still some visible form of the ancient respect which had been accorded to his ancestors.

The Moro Constabulary may, I think, be considered as having been a success. The time came when these men became self-respecting Constabulary soldiers, free from their old feeling of absolute allegiance to a tyrannical chief.

They adopted many of the methods of the white men and of American soldiers, and generally, on discharge, a Moro Constabulary soldier went back to be a rallying point among his own people for such of them as cared to live better lives and adopt the ways of civilization. Wherever there was a discharged Constabulary soldier the Government had a friend and a man on whom it could depend in case of trouble.

Twenty years have passed since the organization of the Moro Constabulary, and while conditions there are still far from perfect in the matter of safety of life and property, the whole region enjoys a peace which had never existed there before the advent of the Americans. This is not to say that there are no crimes such as are also committed in the better civilized portions of the earth, but organized resistance to Government control, and murder and robbery have diminished. Tribesmen have begun to cultivate the ways of white men, and kidnapping of women and children from other islands have ceased, as have piracy and the raids on the Aborigines of their own great island of Mindanao.

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

MONTHLY OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Published by Police Publishing Co., 487 Broadway, New York
Second-class postal permit applied for
ERROL E. HART, Editor and Manager
GEORGE F. NOLAN, Advertising Manager
(Copyright, 1924)
Vol. I NEW YORK, N. Y., MAY, 1924 No. 1

Greetings

MORE than most magazines of general circulation Police Magazine enters on a definite field.

It represents a section of our American communities that is constantly gaining a higher place in the estimation of the citizenry. The magazine represents the spirit of what may be called the New Police—organizations high in public spirit and composed of men who have adopted the profession as a service to their communities. These men are ambitious, self-respecting, keen for duty. Men you are proud to know and quick to praise.

In the last two decades America's police have risen far. Every observing man realizes it. Only a few professional police-baiters refuse to admit it. It is the leaders among the members of these improved police forces who are vitally interested in the things Police Magazine will stand for.

Primarily they are interested in Better Police Work—more Police, more cooperation, greater uniformity of law, better reward for self-sacrificing effort and less of misguided interference.

Police Magazine will make familiar to the public, if it does not introduce to it the smiling, purposeful men of the New Police. They need representation and here they will have it.

Their magazine will appeal to all who are friends to law and order, to all who care for the lure of mystery, the stir of red-blooded action, the thrill of battle.

It will contain all these, for it will be the story of the lives of America's Police.

At the same time the magazine will present interestingly, many matters appealing especially to the man in blue, although they will always be of general interest also.

This first number does not fully suggest the broad field of the world's police that will be covered eventually. The subjects in the future will be drawn from more widely scattered sources.

Out of the Usual

POLICE Magazine wishes to commend its advertisers to the good-will of its three great classes of readers—the lovers of red-blooded reading, the members of the New York Department and the police of a thousand other American cities.

The great reason is this. These advertisers have their announcements in the magazine because they value your trade. Every advertisement herein has been placed on that basis solely.

It was determined in the inception of Police Magazine that advertising not based on appeal for business should not be solicited. It will be understood by every one that other kinds of advertising could easily be obtained in large quantities. But that determination has been adhered to even to the point of returning several signed advertising contracts of large and influential concerns.

It need only be said that such a course is practically unheard of. Very few publications can point to such a record.

The advertisers who have helped in giving to readers a larger and handsomer magazine than would otherwise have been possible, are entitled to favor. They seek your patronage on their merits.

Police Magazine, therefore, becomes national in scope. It is a very healthy child now and, obviously, it will grow into even a greater, better publication. As its circulation increases with each succeeding issue it will become a very powerful factor for good not only among the great uniformed police forces of the world, but also among general readers. It will be independent and free from special influences. It is the intention of its sponsors and its editors to keep it on a plane that befits the splendid organization that it represents.

This magazine will reach practically every department in the two Americas, for the reason that many commanders have followed the example of Chief of Police William J. Quilty, of Springfield, Mass., and recommended that all their men subscribe to the magazine.

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All Ready to March In Safety's Cause

A SAFETY Parade, never equalled in the United States and probably never abroad, will be held in New York on May 17 under the auspices of the Bureau of Public Safety of the Police Department, Barron G. Collier, Special Deputy Commissioner, in charge. More than 10,000 persons in various organizations will participate in this march for the saving of human lives, but its great quality will not be merely that of size.

It is in the beauty and strong human appeal of its floats that this safety parade will excel all its predecessors in this country. Unusual artistic effects are being achieved in the hundred designs which more than 75 business concerns or organizations will have in line. There will be novelty in the appeal they will make to the common sense of the spectators—of whom it is expected there will be half a million or more—due to the elaborate and clever character of most of the floats.

The artistic details of this parade have been under the supervision of one man, M. A. Amory of Mr. Collier's organization. He has designed the floats as a scenic artist might design a stage production so that there will be a general unity of character despite a diversity of appeal.

Another feature that will strengthen the effect the floats will make on the spectators will be the fact that professional actors and actresses recruited from the National Vaudeville Artists will act as characters on the floats, thereby giving point and pungency to the safety lessons taught by the various vehicles.

"Acceptances from organizations already in hand make it certain that this will be the largest safety demonstration ever staged," Mr. Collier declares. "It will be held strictly for the purpose of impressing safety lessons on the people of New York and not for the purpose of advertising. This has been made clear to all those who were invited to participate, and they are co-operating accordingly. The Bureau of Public Safety has a definite plan for co-ordinating all floats, placards, banners and other attractions, so that they will tell a safety story and nothing else.

Bravo, New Rochelle

NEW ROCHELLE, the pleasant hill-climbing suburb to the northeast of New York, where dwell millionaires, successful sales managers, society matrons, and actors in great profusion, has put up a sign, "Crooks, Beware!"

It is based on the fact as reported by Chief of Detectives John McGowan that every crime committed in New Rochelle in 1923 was both solved and avenged. This work was completed about the first of the year, when the arrest of two ex-servants solved the last puzzling case of 1923—the Wallace jewelry theft of last September.

New Rochelle is a very lively small city with many thousands of residents. It is on the automobile highway from the New England states to New York City, and therefore is visited daily by thousands of strangers, good and bad. Its feat in establishing a perfect record in crime solution for a whole year is believed to be without parallel in the United States.

If any other city's police force has done as well, let it come forth and prove its case.

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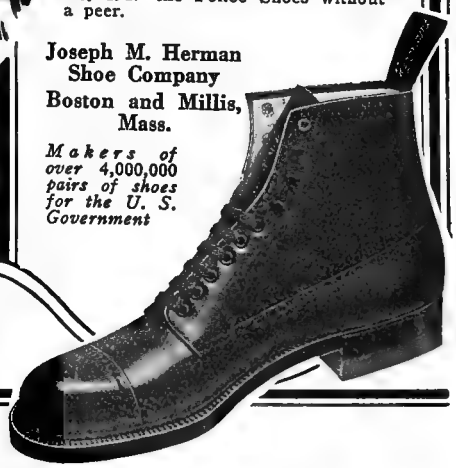

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The Sheik's Ring

(*Continued from page* 29)

bull"—the uniformed policeman—on the post, having him arrest the man who was following me and charge him with disorderly conduct so that he could be held at the station and questioned. Also this had advantages as a prudent course. I was protected against Mary because she would never break the law of hospitality, but it wasn't at all certain that all her associates would feel bound by it. The man behind me might be the one to break it. I decided against an overt act, however, thinking there was a better chance of success if I pretended that I suspected no surveillance. So I shifted my pistol to a position where it could be reached without loss of time and proceeded to the Custom House.

There I made sure that Hussein had not left the country—at least that he had not sailed from New York. This investigation took hours and hours, even though I was helped by a friendly Federal Secret Service officer. Yet, when I left the building, my "shadow" was still waiting.

Gets Rid of Him

To get rid of him I had to go over to the river-front and turn into an empty freight shed. It's always easy to get rid of a "shadow" of whose presence one is aware—if one knows how.

I was working alone, now; my partner having been called away. To this day I don't know how long I had been without real food or sleep, and I felt half dead for want of them. Nevertheless, I hurried by a round-about way to a shadowed doorway opposite Mary's house. After an hour of watching—a long hour that was—I was amply rewarded for my pains by seeing the man who had followed me come in to report. He had evidently first tried to find me again. Now the last vestige of doubt as to Mary's acquaintanceship with the wearer of that ring was swept away.

I caught a little sleep then, but not much. For days on end I haunted the vicinity of Mary's house, but without direct results. After a little I confided in the postman on that route, and he agreed to help me by telling of any letters coming addressed to Hussein in Mary's care—but there were no such letters.

There remained just one thing to do. I wrote one myself and had it posted and registered in Boston. It, of course, would have to be signed for. I watched the postman offer it to Mary, though she couldn't see me. She handed it back to him—and at last forgot herself. Hassan Hussein, she said, was in Washington, D. C., and she gave his address!

A wire brought the Canajoharie Chief of Police as fast as trains could transport him, and together we went to the national capital. When we reported to the Washington Superintendent of Police he detailed two of his best men to cooperate with us. Before we had time even to ring a door bell at his house, Hassan Hussein walked out of the front door. I almost wrote that he walked into our arms, but it wasn't that way.

Instead, he jumped back when he saw us, and in a melodramatic sort of way felt for a weapon. He never drew the knife of which we relieved him directly afterward. I doubt if he really meant to, but we shall never know. We had no sticks and nobody would bother to pull a pistol. A fist on his jaw answered every purpose, and he went temporarily to dreamland, not to wake entirely until he was behind bars, awaiting extradition papers.

It was while those papers were on their way that we got to know him as he really was. To me he was fairly incredible. I have come into contact with many people of all sorts, but never with another like him. There is one possible comparison, however. He and John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Lincoln, must have been much alike in basic character, despite the wide differences in education and training.

To make plain what I mean, I'll remind you that nearly every walk of life has its characteristic form of vanity—at least that's my observation. Hussein did not possess any of the ordinary vanities. Rather he was possessed, as men are said to be possessed, by evil spirits, by a sort of super-vanity accompanied by a strange personal sensitiveness.

Many actors have it and it is especially likely to be a trait of grand-opera stars or small-time vaudeville folk. Physically, Hussein never had been on the stage, mentally, he always was there and invariably playing the hero's role. Anything that tended to take him out of the spotlight that he threw on himself roused him to frenzy. Nothing else mattered.

It was he who told us of that little girl from the desert. Also of the ring which her husband, the Sheik Ali, gave her and which she, in turn, gave to him. He told of the end of their romance, when she was caught going to meet him. He had run for his life with never a thought of helping her, a thing he could easily have done.

Tale Is True

That gave us certainty that his tale was true—surely no man would invent an episode that showed him up a cur. He snivelled when he told his story, but that was out of pity for her, who had lost him—the invaluable one. That he might have behaved differently was a thought that seemed never to have crossed his extraordinary mind.

When he came to this country he peddled children's clothing, because it was either that or some harder work if he was to eat. He liked to eat, but he hated the peddling. Especially did he hate it when a girl like Nellie Blaine slammed the door in his face. You see, in his swollen opinion of himself she should have fallen violently in love with him at first sight. He even had offered his wares at half price in order to give her time to be enthralled by him. Then, when he received something of the same treatment at the O'Neill home, it was too much!

He met the child of the house as he left the gate. The boy shrank away from him as from the evil one. There followed a tremendous flare-up of the Arab's insane egoism—a rush for the child. The lad was soon caught, his screams smothered. Hussein went on, and we listened, longing to kill him by inches as he described, what, because of its sheer deviltry, was the most revolting crime I had ever known.

The man was crazy with vanity—but that sort of lunacy, thank heaven, isn't recognized by law. So he was sent to the electric chair, where he belonged. And he went there—still strutting! Still wearing the Sheik's protective ring that had brought him there.

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Arrests That Count

"LUCKY MAX" is lucky no longer. Maxwell Stimmell, 180 Covert Street, Brooklyn, who long bore the sobriquet of "Lucky Max," felt that he was indeed entitled to it about a month ago when a jury in the Kings County Court before Judge Franklin Taylor, acquitted him of burglary despite the fact that Patrolman Pope of the Ralph Street Station had caught him looting a candy store.

Judge Taylor was indignant at the action of the jury and said:

"This is the most foolish verdict I have ever heard. The policeman caught this bandit in the commission of a crime and yet he goes free. It will serve as a notice to the lawless element that the courts of justice do not condemn burglary. Such a stroke of luck shall not be his again. He drives a motor car, but I shall see to it that he never does again, not in this city anyway.

Never before have I questioned the verdict of a jury, but this verdict is deserving of the severest condemnation. The jury is dismissed without thanks."

"Lucky Max" kept quiet for a while after that, but on March 13 at 6 o'clock in the morning, Patrolman Albrecht, then of the Atlantic Avenue Station, noticed muddy foot-prints leading into the home of William H. Van Cluck, Jr., at 1316 Dean Street. Albrecht knew the family was away, and after ascertaining that no muddy foot-prints led away from the house he called Patrolman Brady from the adjoining post and they took up the trail of the muddy brogans.

They found that a coal chute had been forced, so they also went through it and entered the house. In one of the bedrooms they came upon "Unlucky Max," asleep, and waiting for the day's activity in the streets to cover his escape with furs and jewelry worth about $25,000 that he had piled under the bed.

When the young man was questioned at the Station House he at first feigned aphasia and could not remember who he was or how he got in the house.

Max was now unlucky enough to come up before Judge Taylor again. This time the jury did its duty. He is now serving a 40-year sentence in Sing Sing which will probably occupy most of the remainder of his life.

* * *

Edward J. Rose is back in the Detective Division following an arrest he made on his first tour of duty on a beat in three years. He was patrolling on the Bowery in the early morning when the proprietor of an upstairs Chinese restaurant, the Oriental, at 6 Pell Street, ran to him with the cry that a couple of roughs were fighting in the dining-room. Thinking the disturbance was probably caused by youngsters, Rose started up the stairs to quiet them. When half way up he was startled by the report of a pistol. He leaped up the remaining few steps only to come upon a man who was backing through a door at the head of the stairway with a smoking pistol in his hand. Sensing a hold-up, Rose reached over the man's shoulder, seized the pistol, thrust the muzzle against the man's back and forced him to re-enter the dining-room.

Stretched out on the floor was the body of Ah Wong Sing, a waiter, and sitting on the cigar case coolly helping himself to the money in the register, was a second bandit. At the sight of Rose he made a move as if to reach for his pistol, but the policeman's curt command put a stop to that.

The waiter was dead and as a result the two men were held without bail for the Grand Jury on a charge of murder. They are well known to the police, being Ralph Cucco, 27, with a record of nine convictions of crimes from picking pockets to highway robbery, and Robert Bilanger, 22, who has served one term for grand larceny.

* * *

Commissioner Enright's system, under which the cities around New York work in conjunction with the New York police, effected an important capture when Joseph Martin, a Portuguese seaman from Boston, was arrested by Stamford, Conn., officers on a train there two hours after a stabbing affray in which he is alleged to have cut Antonio Galvez, a restaurant man at 522 Greenwich Street.

Martin was on his way to Boston in a train when the alarm telephoned from Police Headquarters here to the Stamford police got him.

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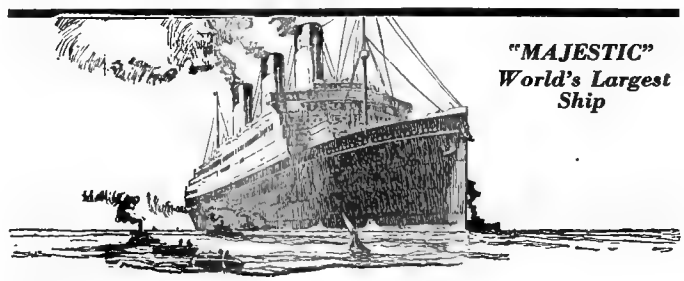

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Battle for Traffic Regulation

(*Continued from page* 17)

seems a picture out of another age. In that day it would probably take one a good slice of the day to travel on a surface car from Twenty-third Street to the Battery, a distance the subway was yet to reduce to a twelve-minute journey.

There were absolutely no one-way streets. Such things had not been heard of. Traffic moved in both directions on every street and avenue in the Greater City.

Civilizing the Drivers

At private expense there had been printed circulars to be distributed among drivers to show the correct way to turn corners and giving other elementary regulations which drivers should observe. I found a large number of these in the office of the Police Commissioner, but I made up my mind there was no use in distributing them when we had no power to enforce the regulations they promulgated.

I felt that we had to civilize the drivers before we could send them to school; I say civilize them because they were practically unregulated and undisciplined. They were accustomed to long blockades, to the free use of force in getting out of jams, and as a body they never had been governed by anyone.

To carry out my plan I began looking for an Inspector of Police who had the vocational aptitude, the large vision and the temperamental fitness to undertake such a great task. I created the office of Inspector of Traffic, and at the same time took the mounted men off Fifth Avenue and sent them to the waterfront, to the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge and down into Broad and Wall Streets as well as to other congested centers.

Many will find it hard to believe today that I accomplished this only against the earnest protest of old commanding officers of the police who said it would be dangerous to turn officers on horseback in among crowds in the lower part of the city. However, it proved otherwise.

The first two inspectors to whom I offered the new office tried it for short periods and then asked to be relieved from the duty. They had no comprehension of what we were trying to do on a big scale and they shared old-time prejudices in favor of those things to which they had been used so long.

At this time it was our good fortune to find a very exceptional man who had a talent for the regulation of street traffic as great comparatively as that of Napoleon for war. Above all he was supremely honest both in his conduct and in his mental reactions. He had a positive genius for this work. I refer to the late Inspector, Stephen O'Brien.

Under Inspector O'Brien the Traffic Squad was formed; foot men, mounted men and men on bicycles. The motorcycle had not then come into use.

We started by putting the mounted men on Broadway to clear the tracks for the surface cars. The men on horseback we found fully capable of dealing with truck drivers. Motor vehicles were only slightly coming into use. We had to cope principally with vehicles which were horse drawn.

Within a few weeks after this change the surface car companies testified to me in writing that we had 75 per cent. Even a lot of poor motormen who had become afflicted with varicose veins on their legs from too constantly pounding the gong sent me a written testimonial. That is a paper I treasure today.

Having achieved this victory—which meant more in dollars and cents saved to the merchants and corporations of the city than one could readily believe—we moved on to an enterprise that was to prove the foundation stone of all traffic regulation in America.

With what now seems to have been temerity we attacked the problem of the Manhattan terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge, where there then flowed every morning and evening the greatest flood of humanity to be seen anywhere in America, if not in the world. No jam we have on subway or "L" today, even at Canal Street, is any worse than was the bridge crush. It was not merely the irresistible tide of foot passengers we had to regulate, but also a variegated stream of horse-drawn vehicles that moved through it.

The Mounted Men Often Lost Their Helmets in the Park

In dealing with the situation at the bridge we undertook to enforce rules and regulations drawn on substantially the same basis as they are today. Placing there a sufficient force of men on horseback and on foot we laid down the rule, that all vehicles on their way across the bridge should keep to the curb on the east side of Park Row, and that those coming off the bridge should make a detour to the north, turn west in front of the old Staats Zeitung Building, then go south following the curb line by the Park and Post Office. The crossings in the congested area were earnestly and carefully policed on behalf of the great masses of people coming and going across the bridge.

This was the first real control New York's truck drivers were ever put under. I never shall forget the first day we put this in operation. The angry and sullen looks of the drivers, the expressed incredulity of the newspaper reporters and that anger which is always apparent when you attack something like a vested interest, showed that there was almost unanimous opposition.

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In spite of all this the great masses of the people hailed the new regulations with delight and we began to make life almost tolerable in this terribly congested place. Even enemies of our plan had to admit there had been improvement.

We moved next on Madison Square. We ordered all south-going Fifth Avenue vehicles to keep to the west curb. If they turned into Twenty-third Street, then a fashionable dry goods district, we compelled them to keep on to Sixth Avenue and to return through Twenty-second Street. If they intended then going north they were sent over to the east curb, thence to follow the park up to Fifth Avenue. If they wished to go up Broadway they had to cross on the north side of the Worth monument and so keep on.

This left an immense protected space in the open square, and I am not exaggerating when I say that, leaving the surface cars out of calculation, an infant could have walked in safety from the Flatiron Building to the Worth monument at any time of the day or night. Only the coming of the motor has changed conditions there.

We removed the little island at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street because it obstructed traffic and did no good. All over the city so far as we could, with the number of men at our disposal, we increased the policing of the street corners.

While we were doing this we became concerned as to how we were to fence in, as it were, the central spaces on squares on which the traffic flowed, but which it was not allowed to cross.

Inspector O'Brien bethought himself of the standards sometimes used by the surface car people to surround excavations, and we went up to the Jordan L. Mott Iron Works and had a great number of these constructed, using metal bases and uprights perforated at the top. Through these we put ropes. This was preferable to erecting granite copings.

The Carriage Trade Objects

We encountered great opposition at Madison Square from the dry goods people and their customers, especially those well-to-do people who came in their own carriages. They objected very strenuously to the detour in going around Twenty-second Street.

We next moved up to Herald Square. Here we again encountered bitter opposition. All south-bound traffic on Sixth Avenue was diverted to pass in front of the old Herald office, and had to go across Broadway and keep to the west curb down to Thirty-second Street, then crossing again over to Broadway. Those going north had to keep to the east curb. The remaining space outside of the surface car tracks was roped in.

We governed the movements of the surface cars on Thirty-fourth Street and restricted the crossing there entirely to these cars, permitting no vehicles to cross directly. A vehicle, for instance, that started to go west on Thirty-fourth Street, when it got to Broadway had to work around the Herald office and so go around west that way. I really must say I am yet of the opinion that this should continue to be the rule there.

The opposition here was so bitter that it almost threatened to break up the system throughout the city. The influence of the big stores and hotels and especially of the New York Herald was brought to bear against

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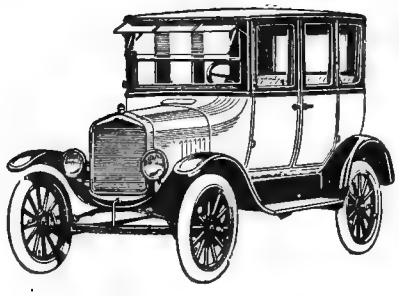

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INDIVIDUAL AND BUSINESS ACCOUNTS INVITED

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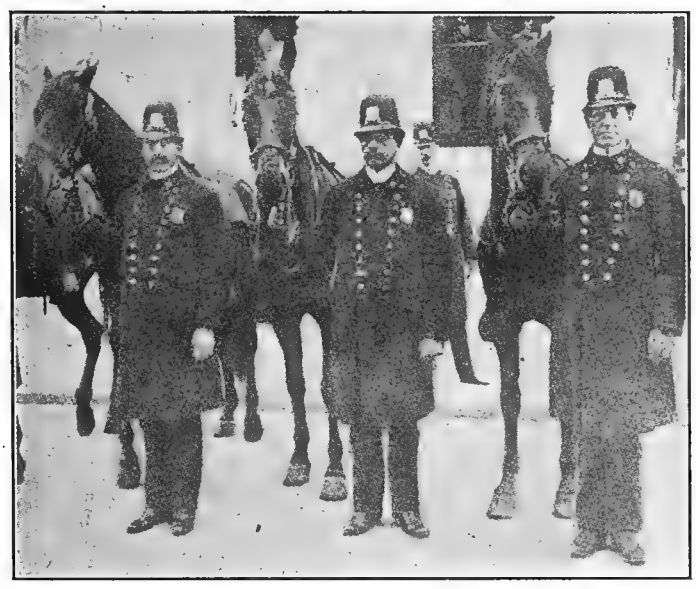
what we were trying to do. The business interests appealed to the newspaper and we were derided and jeered at and severely criticized, but we stood fast, our backs to the wall.

We next moved on Times Square. This was one of the hardest problems we undertook, owing to the surface cars and the railroad crossings. We carried out



Typical Mounted Men of the Old Broadway Squad

the same idea, keeping one line of moving vehicles encircling the broad space and allowing crossings only on one side. That is, a vehicle going east or west, when it came to Broadway or Seventh Avenue would have to make a detour probably of a block so as to cross to its original street. The basic idea here as elsewhere was one line of vehicles widely separated from the one going in an opposite direction.

From this we went to the Circle, to Seventy-second Street and Columbus Avenue and soon to congested parts of Harlem. On the Circle at Central Park we stuck strictly to the one line of vehicles idea and no straight crossings. Everything moved in a single circular stream.

Coming north, for instance, in the congested hours between five and seven, we fed, as it were, the circular stream through only one inlet. We compelled vehicles to debouch from Eighth Avenue instead of from both Broadway and Eighth Avenue. We stopped all entry into Central Park in the congested hours. Of course, we met with violent opposition from owners of private cars and from truck owners and business people. The regulations that are gladly and thankfully accepted today were then the objects of ridicule, objection and even legal attack. An unexpected feature was that we were opposed by the park authorities. It was said we had infringed on the park territory.

About this time we also attempted to deal with the problem of Central Park West and to protect folk who wanted to get on or off the surface cars. Our plan was to move the car tracks into the centre of the avenue. It was never carried out.

This is the first of a series of articles by former Commissioner McAdoo. The second, dealing with the Fight at the Opera House and with Judge Gaynor's attack, will be printed next month.

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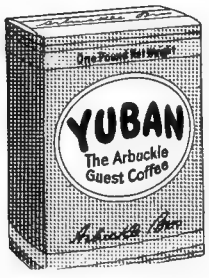

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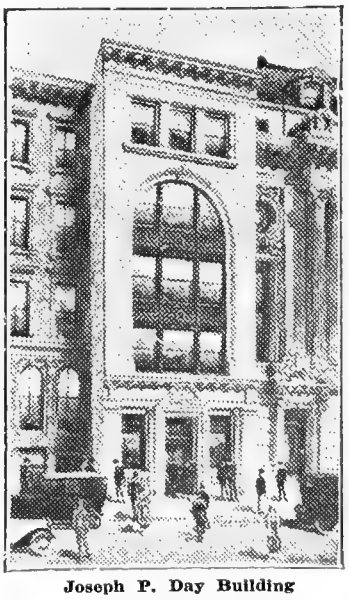

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The Policewoman's First Adventure

(*Continued from Page* 15)

The mother and I went to the Thirty-eighth street house, where she waited on the opposite side of the street, ready to receive her daughter, while I was to work my way into the house and give the girl the message that her mother was ready to forgive her.

"Dorothy won't wait a second, but will rush out to me, baby or no baby," said the mother. "So long as she leaves this miscreant she is with, everything will be forgiven."

At the apartment's door I asked for Mrs. Bleecker. The blowsy old crone, now quite polite and amenable, told me that I could see her in a minute and asked me to step inside. The woman explained that Mrs. Bleecker was busy attending to her baby and said that if I would step into a room the girl would see me. Dorothy herself called to me to wait a minute, so I seated myself in a side room.

The old woman came in and talked to me for a minute or two, remarking that with so young a baby Mrs. Bleeckwas very much concerned about its care and also asking me what my business was. I told her that it was personal, that I just wanted to see Mrs. Bleecker, who was a friend of mine. The old woman by this time was standing in the doorway. For the first time she spoke in other than a friendly tone of voice:

"If you think you are fooling us you're not. We just saw her mother across the street. Mrs. Bleecker won't go with her I can tell you that." With this discouraging speech she closed the door.

For several minutes I sat there waiting for Dorothy. Meantime I heard no sound from the other side of the door, and as there was no tramson I could not tell what was going on beyond the wall. The stillness seemed oppressive and I at last decided to take the initiative again, so I stepped to the door, intending to go to Dorothy's room.

The knob turned but the door was fast. The old woman had locked it on the outside, and here was I caught in a trap such as I had read of in old stories of the New York underworld, but had never so much as thought I could fall into myself.

I HAMMERED on the door and called to them to let me out, but not so much as a whisper indicated that I was heard. This brought the conclusion that there was no hope of my captors relenting, so I began a systematic investigation of the possibilities of the place.

It was no chance-selected room in which they had put me. Apparently it had been carefully designed for its present use. On close examination it showed itself to be as strong a place of confinement as any cell in a reformatory or other institution. There were four walls, ceiling and floor and just two openings.

The door, I had already discovered, was covered with tin and very securely locked. I was hopeful when I first turned to the window on the other side of the room, thinking to myself, "Here's a way to escape." But examination showed there was no hope there. The building was of very old construction and this one window looked out only on an air-well or court.

This air-well went on down to the floor below, but the window on that floor that had once opened out on the shaft had been bricked up at some time in the past. So, looking down into the well, one saw only four brick walls and a stone flagging bottom. To jump down there was

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merely to put myself in a new prison no better than the one I was in.

The coping of the air-well was about eight feet above the top of the window, so that there was no possibility of my leaping for the coping even if I had had instruction in scaling ladders and other acrobatic work. I was as much a solitary prisoner here in the heart of New York as any man in the "solitary" at Sing Sing.

The First Thing

There were but two things I could do, and one of them I immediately attempted. Taking up one of the two chairs in the room I flung it at the window. The big glass shattered and went tinkling down to the well with the echoes of its fall the only things that stirred the stillness.

Apparently no one heard the crash—certainly no one who took interest enough to investigate. I watched the sky line closely, but no curious janitor or other neighbor came across the roofs to investigate.

The only things left me as weapons were the two chairs, and I instantly decided to put them to all the use possible. Using the one with which I had smashed the window, I beat on the tin-covered door until my strength left me and the chair was well nigh wrecked.

Here I sank back on the couch exhausted and almost in tears. I think if it had not been for the feel of the badge on my blouse I should have given way to them.

But I remembered in time that I was receiving my first test as a policewoman and I resolved to meet it in manly and not womanly fashion.

As soon as I had rested I resumed the attack on the door, and this time I flailed that chair into little pieces. I seldom see one of those old bent wood chairs without thinking of my days of imprisonment with only the two of them for companions.

As I rested this time I looked at my watch and was astonished to find that already I had been a prisoner an hour, as near as I could estimate. The thought of what might have happened to Dorothy in the meantime and of her mother watching in the street for me nerved me to another effort and I picked up the other chair for a fresh attempt.

This time I hammered first on the walls, the floor and the ceiling, thinking that I might thereby attract attention. I leaned out the window and blew my police whistle and then I blew it near the door, not once, but dozens of times.

Silence, deep silence, such as one might find in the country on a summer day, was my only answer. As though to make my situation more unreal the sun ha by now gotten a little into the West and its beams wer coming through the shattered window in friendl fashion. I resumed the attack on the door, but the chai made no impression on its tin clad defenses.

I tried prying the door with some of the broken glas but, of course, failed. While I was raising this pand monium—for I made all the noise I possibly could—I w actually startled by receiving an answer to my alarm The silence had so long impressed itself on me that break in it caused new tremors to my overwroug nerves—even though this response that so disturbed n was just what I had been seeking.

From outside sounded a gruff voice: "Here, what's t big row about in there."

"Who are you," I replied.

"The moving man," was the answer.

"Quick, call a policeman," cried I. "I'm a policewom and I need help," and I shrilled my whistle at him prove the story.

"Aw—go back to Bloomingdale—there ain't no su thing as a policewoman." And my heart sank as I hea his footsteps die away.

Yet I couldn't altogether give up hope. I now sat do and waited for the possible coming of a fellow memb of the force. I felt a bit relieved and spent the minu figuring just how I would handle Dorothy and her puted husband when I escaped.

I need not have concerned myself. The moving m if indeed he was one—that is something I never learn —called no policeman and I never heard his step in t

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all again. From what I learned later I imagine that he must have been one of those individuals who wish to have no dealings with the police whatsoever. Furthermore, it was extremely likely that he had been well paid to ignore my calls for help.

Two and a half hours had gone by and I was still helpless with every prospect of a severe reprimand on my return to Headquarters.

There is no need to tell of my further frantic attempts on the door, of the desperate beating through of the sash on the window, and of the frequent sounding of my whistle that gave me occupation for the next two hours. It had been half-past eleven when I had called for Dorothy Bleecker. It was four o'clock of that bright summer day before I heard a second sound outside.

In the meantime I had visioned myself as a prisoner for days and nights and had even thought it possible that my captors might keep me until night and then attempt some deed worse even than that they had already committed. What if they should attempt to murder me in an effort to hush the principal witness against them? It was only by the most rigorous exclusion of such terrors from my thoughts that I was able to carry on at all. Several times in my efforts to banish these ideas I attacked that passive door again in a frenzy of desperation.

But about four o'clock there came a shuffling in the hall as if some person of uncertain footing was walking there. I hammered on the door with what was left of the second chair. It was now only a back frame, without seat or legs, and the shuffling footsteps stopped. A hoarse whisper, "Who's there?" came to me.

"I am a policewoman, let me out," I said. No longer did I pause to ask to whom it was I was talking. The response was fairly immediate, for the man outside first shook the door and then said, "Wait a minute, I'll get a key." This assurance quieted me.

When he returned after a few minutes a single turn of the lock opened the door that I had come to look upon as almost a part of the wall and I was free. "Got locked in, eh," said the janitor of the building, for such he proved to be."

"Locked in nothing," I returned, "These people trapped me," and I rushed into the other room to carry out my well-planned scheme for taking Dorothy Bleecker away from there. This room in which the young woman had been with her baby had been well furnished, with bed, cradle, chairs, dressers and rugs.

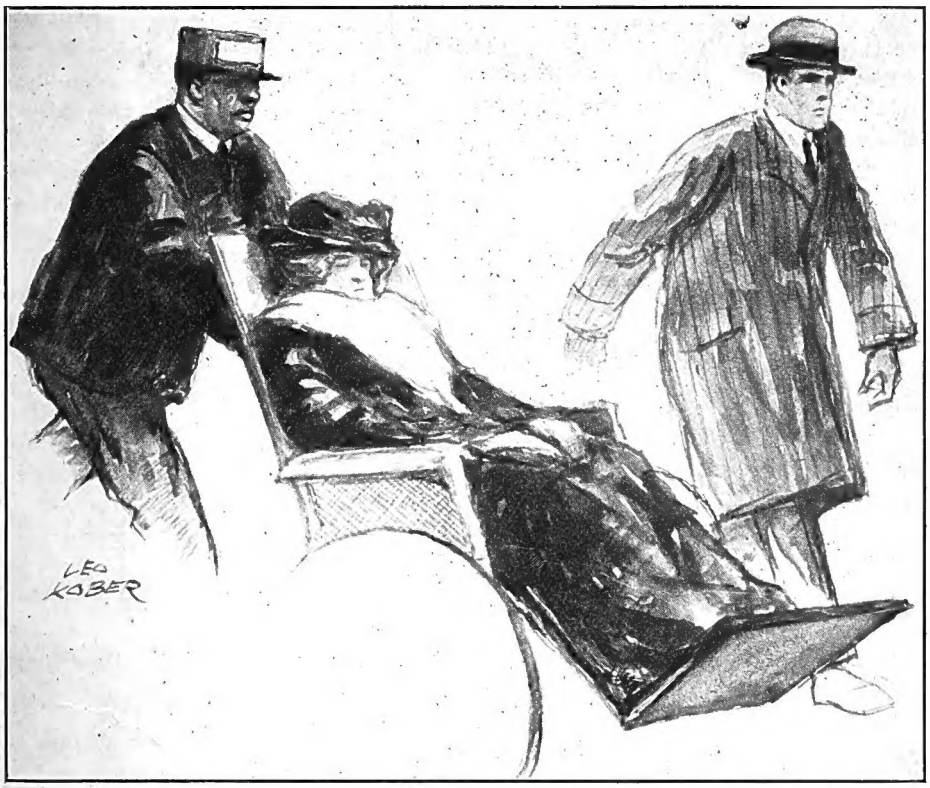
As I looked in from the door to it there was nothing but emptiness. No Dorothy, no baby, no bed, no cradle. That room was empty except for a paper or two on the floor and some other proofs of a hasty departure.

I was just about to dash out the door after examining the adjoining rooms and finding the same disappointing emptiness when the janitor uttered a very natural query: "Who's going to pay for the damage you've done?"

I was in no mood for either intimidation or appeal.

"The Police Department will pay for it," said I, "just come over to the station and make out your bill."

But he would not come. What his reasons were I never found out, as I was in too great haste to reach those safe stone steps where the green lights stand on either side—emblems of peace and safety.



The Crooks Boldly Wheeled the Chloroformed Woman Through the Pennsylvania Station to a Train

Gone Without a Trace

The couple had vanished without leaving a clew. They had moved out "bag and baggage" as the phrase is, while I was a prisoner. Here was a fine how-do-you-do. A new policewoman on her first big job, completely forestalled and outwitted by a couple of amateurs!

But worse was to come. When I rushed down the

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street in company with the old janitor the mother, whom I had foolishly expected to still be there waiting for me, was gone. It was in sore distress and confusion of mind that I made my way to the old West Thirty-seventh Street Station House to ask help of the Captain.

Nor was the solace for my wounds there. For that Captain, a veteran of the force, said to me in a tone in which kindness and grim criticism were incongruously mixed, "Didn't you know better than not to have somebody cover you when you went into a place like that."

"Cover me, what do you mean?" I asked, for I was too new to the force to even know the primary police terms.

"Why you should have had a patrolman stationed outside to watch for you so that if you didn't come out he could go in after you."

That brief lesson from that old Captain is one that I've never forgotten and from that day to this some kind of a "cover" has been arranged for me whenever a similar adventure has been in prospect.

I was worried about what had become of the mother and called up Headquarters to report. Then came the second blow, for over the wire came the news that the wealthy woman who had been put in my care had just been reported by the Philadelphia police as having arrived at the Broad Street Station in the state room of a Pennsylvania Railroad parlor car in a stupor.

By this time I had begun to fear that this double failure on my part might mean that I would be "broke."

It was after an hour's agony that I learned the mother had said that someone had approached her as she waited for me in Thirty-eighth Street and that the next thing she knew she was in the Pennsylvania's Philadelphia Terminal.

We afterwards learned that young Bleecker, returning to the house, had caught sight of Dorothy's mother in the street. He had gone to a drug store, obtained some chloroform and by stepping up behind her as she kept her eyes focussed on the Bleecker apartment, had been able to clap a chloroform-soaked handkerchief over her face.

At Penn Terminal

Then he and the old woman, without letting Dorothy know anything about it, had called a cab and put the mother in it. By telling the cabman that she was ill they had lulled his suspicions, if he had any. They then had had the mother driven to the Pennsylvania Terminal. Calling a "red-cap," who brought out the station wheel chair that is reserved for invalids, the two had calmly rolled their helpless victim to a parlor car on a Philadelphia-bound express, where they had installed her in a stateroom. The old woman had started with her on the train as if to take care of her, but had left the train at Hudson Terminal, without attracting the porter's attention. Therefore the mother had lain unattended and in a stupor until Philadelphia was reached—the train making no stops between the two cities.

That this young blackguard should have dared to carry out so audacious a plan as that of taking a chloroformed woman through the crowds in the Pennsylvania station showed that he was already well started on the criminal career which he finally adopted.

I had the satisfaction in later years of sending him to Matteawan Asylum for the criminal insane, where he is today.

At the time the young couple escaped to Wilkes-Barre Pa., where they lived together for about six months before the man's criminal tendencies and general abuse of the girl drove her into leaving him. She was so desperate by this time that she ventured to seek out her mother in Philadelphia and was, of course, promptly forgiven and received back into her home.

I hear from Dorothy occasionally and she is living happily and prosperously, so the story has the much desired happy ending, if there can be happiness for a woman after going through such an experience.

It was only after a long time that I was able to write "complete" after this case. That was when I arrested and sent to Auburn the old woman who had decoyed me. She is still there and I can enjoy the feeling that, despite my double misadventure, I was eventually able to see that full punishment was inflicted on both the man and the woman for their misdeeds. The old woman, it proved, had been a professional blackmailer for years.

The two turned the tables on me, but in the long run I overturned those same tables on them and wrote at the end of the Society Girl's Case—

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